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Selections.

WILSON IN REPLY TO BUTLER.

[Senator BUTLER, of South Carolina, on the 12th and 13th instant, delivered himself of a long speech in vindication of, and apology for, the brutal and cowardly outrage perpetrated by his "gallant relative" upon CHARLES SUMNER. The fiery representative of South Carolina "chivalry" having concluded his disgraceful harangue, the floor was promptly taken by Hon. HENRY WILSON, who proceeded to show that the complaints of Mr. Sumner's severity were unmanly and without any just foundation; that Mr. Butler was himself the aggressor; that for years past he had habitually treated Mr. Sumner in a rude, discourteous and overbearing manner, denouncing him as a "plunging agitator"—"as lacking in prudence and common decency"—as advocating an "ideal standard of morality," "often planted by criminal ambition and heartless hypocrisy"—as "flagrantly misrepresenting history," as guilty of "historical falsehood," &c. Mr. Wilson supported his allegations by copious references to the speeches of the South Carolina Senator, in the light of which his professions of gentlemanly courtesy and parliamentary decorum were seen to be utterly ridiculous. We regret that we cannot find room for the whole of Mr. Wilson's manly and triumphant vindication of his colleague; but we are reluctantly compelled to omit several striking passages.]

MR. PRESIDENT: I feel constrained, by a sense of duty to my State, my personal relations to my colleague and friend, to trespass for a few moments upon the time and attention of the Senate.

You have listened, Mr. President—the Senate has listened—these thronged seats and these crowded galleries have listened to the extraordinary speech of the honourable Senator from South Carolina, which has now run through two days. I must say, sir, that I have listened to that speech with pain and sad emotions.

A Senator of a sovereign State, more than twenty days ago, was stricken down senseless on the floor for words spoken in debate. For more than three weeks he has been confined to his room upon a bed of weakness and of pain. The moral sentiment of the country has been outraged, grossly outraged, by this wanton assault, in the person of a Senator, on the freedom of debate. The intelligence of this transaction has flown over the land, and is now flying abroad over the civilized world; and wherever Christianity has a foothold, or civilization a resting place, that act will met the stern condemnation of mankind.

Intelligence comes to us, Mr. President, that a civil war is raging beyond the Mississippi—intelligence also comes to us that upon the shores of the Pacific lynch-law is again organized—and the telegraph brings us news of assaults and murders around the ballot-boxes of New Orleans, growing out of differences of opinion and of interests.

Can we be surprised, sir, that these scenes, which are disgracing the character of our country and our age, are rife, when a venerable Senator—one of the oldest members of the Senate, and Chairman of its Judiciary Committee—occupies four hours of the important time of the Senate in vindication of, and apology for, an assault unparalleled in the history of the country? If lawless violence here, in the chamber, upon the person of a Senator, can find vindication—if this outrage upon the freedom of debate finds apology from a veteran Senator—why may not violent counsels elsewhere go unrebuked?

The Senator from South Carolina commenced his discursive speech by an allusion to the present condition of my colleague, which I cannot say exhibited good taste. I know it personally to be grossly unjust, because I know that for more than twenty days—three weeks—Mr. Sumner has been compelled to lie upon a bed of pain, from the effects of blows received by him here in the Senate Chamber.

The Senator from South Carolina, through this debate, has taken occasion to apply to Mr. Sumner, to his speech, to all that concerns him, all the epithets—

Mr. BUTLER—Not an epithet did I use—not an epithet.

Mr. WILSON—All the phrases which are calculated to disparage him and his speech.

Mr. BUTLER—Criticism, if you say so.

Mr. WILSON—I did not hear the Senator.

Mr. BUTLER—I say I used criticism, but not epithets.

Mr. WILSON—Well, sir, I accept the Senator's word, and I say "criticism." But I say, in his criticism, he used every word that I can conceive a fertile imagination could invent, or a malignant passion suggest. He has taken his full revenge here on the floor of the Senate—here in debate—for the remarks made by my colleague. I do not take any exception of this mode. This is the way in which the speech of my colleague should have been met—not by blows—not by an assault.

The Senator tells us that this is not, in his opinion, an assault upon the constitutional rights of a member of the Senate. He tells us that a member cannot be permitted to print and send abroad over the world, with impunity, his opinions; but that he is liable to have them questioned in a judicial tribunal. Well, sir, if this be so—he is a lawyer, I am not—I accept his view and I ask, why not have tested Mr. Sumner's speech in a judicial tribunal, and let that tribunal have settled the question whether Mr. Sumner uttered a libel or not?

Why was it necessary—why did the "chivalry" of South Carolina require that, for words uttered on this floor under the solemn guarantees of constitutional law, a Senator should be met here by violence? Why appeal from the floor of the Senate—from a judicial tribunal, to the bludgeon? I put the question to the Senator—to the "chivalry" of South Carolina—ay, to "the gallant set," to use the Senator's own words, of "Ninety-Six"—why was it necessary to substitute the bludgeon for the judicial tribunal?

Sir, the Senator from South Carolina—and, in what I say of him to-day I have no disposition to say anything unkind or unjust, and if I utter any such word I will withdraw it at once—told us that, when my colleague came here, he came holding fanatical ideas, but that he met him, offered him his hand, and treated him with courtesy, supposing, as in other cases which had happened under his eye, that acquaintance with Southern gentlemen might cure him of his "fanaticism." I believe that was the expression.

Mr. BUTLER—I have no disposition to say that the gentleman is going to put forth anything that is not correct. I do not know how Mr. Sumner and myself were introduced. I did not undertake to say how that took place, but said that our relations were for a time on the footing which I stated.

Mr. WILSON—So I understood the honourable Senator to say. I do not know how they were introduced; but I think the Senator said that for a time they had relations of an agreeable and pleasant character.

Mr. BUTLER—They were quite so.

Mr. WILSON—He gravely told us that his courtesy and attentions introduced Mr. Sumner where he could not otherwise have gone. The Senator will allow me to say that this is not the first time during this session we have heard this kind of talk about "social influence" and the necessity of association with gentlemen from the South in order to have intercourse with the refined and cultivated society of Washington. Sir, Mr. Sumner was reared in a section of country where men know how to be gentlemen. He was trained in the society of gentlemen, in as good society as could be found in *that* section of the country.

He went abroad. In England and on the Continent he was received everywhere, as he had a right to be received, into the best social circles, into literary associations, and into the refined and polished society which adorns and graces the present age in Western Europe. I do not know where any gentleman could desire to go that Mr. Sumner could not go without the assistance of the Senator from South Carolina, or any other person on this floor. Sir, we have heard quite enough of this. It is a piny-wood doctrine—a plantation idea. Gentlemen reared in refined and cultivated society are not accustomed to this language, and never indulge in its use towards others.

The Senator complained of Mr. Sumner for quoting the Constitution of South Carolina; and he asserted over and over again, and winds up his speech by the declaration, that the quotation made is not in the Constitution. After making this declaration, he read the Constitution, and read the identical quotation. Mr. Sumner asserted what is in the Constitution, but there is an addition to it which he did not quote. The Senator might have complained because he did not quote it; but the portion not quoted carries out only the letter and spirit of the portion quoted.

To be a member of the House of Representatives of South Carolina it is necessary to own a certain number of acres of land and ten slaves, or $750 of income. The Senator declared, with great emphasis—and I saw nods, democratic nods, all around the Senate—that "a man who was not worth that amount of money was not fit to be a representative!" That may be good Democratic doctrine; it comes from a Democratic Senator of the Democratic State of South Carolina, and received Democratic nods and Democratic smiles; but it is not in harmony with the Democratic spirit of the American people.

The charge made by Mr. Sumner was, that South Carolina was nominally republican, but in reality had aristocratic features in her Constitution. Well, sir, is not this charge true? To be a member of the House of Representatives of South Carolina, the candidate must own ten men—yes, sir, ten men—and five hundred acres of land, or have $750 of income; to be a member of the Senate double is required. This Legislature, having these personal qualifications, placing them in the rank of a privileged few, are elected upon a representative basis as unequal as the rotton-borough system of England in its most rotten days.

That is not all. This Legislature elects the Governor of South Carolina and the Presidential electors. The people have the privilege of voting for men with these qualifications, upon this basis, and they select their Governor for them, and choose the Presidential electors for them. The privileged few govern; the many have the privilege of being governed by them.

Sir, I have no disposition to assail South Carolina. God knows that I would peril my life in defence of any State of this Union if assailed by a foreign foe. I have voted, and I will continue to vote, while I have a seat on this floor, as cheerfully for appropriations, or for anything that can benefit South Carolina, or any other State of this Union, as for my own Commonwealth of Massachusetts. South Carolina is a part of my country. Slaveholders are not the tenth part of her population. There is somebody else there besides slaveholders. I am opposed to its system of slavery, to its aristocratic inequalities, and I shall continue to be opposed to them; but it is a sovereign State of this Union—a part of my country—and I have no disposition to do injustice to it.

The Senator assails Mr. Sumner for referring to the effects of slavery upon South Carolina in the revolutionary era. What Mr. Sumner said in regard to the imbecility of South Carolina, produced by slavery, in the Revolution, is true, and more than true—yes, sir, true, and more than true. I can demonstrate its truth by the words and correspondence of General Greene, by the words and correspondence of Governor Matthews, General Barnwell, General Marion, Judge Johnson, Dr. Ramsey the historian, Mr. Gadsden, Mr. Burke, Mr. Huger, and her representatives who came to Congress, and asked the nation to relieve her from her portion of the common burdens, because it was necessary for her men to stay at home to keep her negro slaves in subjection. These sons of South Carolina have given to the world the indisputable evidence that slavery impaired the power of that State in the war of independence.

The Senator told us that South Carolina, which furnished one-fifteenth as many men as Massachusetts in the revolution, "shed hogsheads of blood where Massachusetts shed gallons." That is one of the extravagances of the Senator—one of his loose expressions, absurd and ridiculous to others—one of that class of expressions which justify Mr. Sumner in saying that "he cannot open his mouth but out there flies a blunder."

Sir, the Senator from South Carolina has undertaken to assure the Senate and the country to-day, that he is not the aggressor. Here and now I tell him that Mr. Sumner was not the aggressor; that the Senator from South Carolina was the aggressor. I will prove this declaration to be true beyond all question. Mr. Sumner is not a man who desires to be aggressive towards any one. He came into the Senate a "representative man." His opinions were known to the country. He came here knowing that there were but few in this body who could sympathize with him. He was reserved and cautious. For eight months here he made no speeches upon any question that could excite the animadversion even of the sensitive Senator from South Carolina.

On the 26th June, 1854, my predecessor, Mr. Rockwell, presented a memorial, signed by four thousand citizens of Boston, asking for the immediate repeal of the Fugitive Slave Act. That memorial was severely attacked, and Mr. Sumner rose to vindicate it. He was followed by the Senator from South Carolina, who made a succession of assaults and insinuations.

Among other things, he characterized Mr. Sumner's speech as "a species of rhetoric which is intended to feed the fires of *fanaticism* which he has helped to kindle in his own State—a species of rhetoric which is not becoming the gravity of this body." (Cong. *Globe*, vol. 28, part 2, page 1516, 3d col.)

And again, on the same page, the Senator says:

"When gentlemen rise and *flagrantly misrepresent* history, as that gentleman has done by a fourth of July oration—by vapid rhetoric—by a species of rhetoric which, I am sorry to say, ought not to come from a scholar—a rhetoric with more fine colour than real strength—I become impatient under it."

Here, it will be observed, is a direct charge that Mr. Sumner had *flagrantly misrepresented* history, that his speech was "vapid rhetoric," and a "fourth of July oration." The Senator displays great sensibility because Mr. Sumner charges him, in guarded phrase, with "a deviation from truth, with so much of passion as to save him from the suspicion of intentional aberration." And yet, with unblushing assurance, he openly charges Mr. Sumner with *flagrant misrepresentation*, without any of that apology of passion which Mr. Sumner conceded to him. Nor is this the first or the last time in which the Senator did this.

[Mr. Wilson here refers to the occasion when Mr. Sumner replied to the interrogatories of Butler in relation to the constitutional obligation to return fugitive slaves, by asking, "Is thy servant a dog," &c. After giving the dialogue he proceeds.]

This attack upon Mr. Sumner is without a parallel in the records of the Senate; but the Senator from South Carolina was not alone in this outrage. He was assisted, I regret to say, by other Senators; particularly by the Senator from Virginia [Mr. Mason], by the then Senator from Indiana [Mr. Pettit]; but I do not quote their words, for I am now dealing with the Senator from South Carolina.

To all these, Mr. Sumner replied fully and triumphantly, in a speech which, though justly severe throughout, was perfectly parliamentary, and which was referred to at that time, and has been often mentioned since, as a specimen of the greatest severity, united with perfect taste and propriety.

In the course of this speech, alluding to the Senator from South Carolina, Mr. Sumner used words which I now adopt, not only for myself on this occasion, but also as an illustration of his course in this controversy:

"It is he, then, who is the offender. For myself, sir, I understand the sensibilities of Senators from slaveholding communities, and would not wound them by a superfluous word. Of slavery, I speak strongly, as I must; but thus far, even at the expense of my argument, I have avoided the contrasts, founded on details of figures and facts, which are so obvious between the free States and 'slaveholding communities;' especially have I shunned allusion to South Carolina. But the venerable Senator, to whose discretion that State has intrusted its interests here, will not allow me to be still. God forbid that I should do injustice to South Carolina."

But the Senator from South Carolina was not to be silenced or appeased. He still returned to those personalities which flow so naturally and unconsciously from his lips. The early, bitter, personal assaults were repeated. He charged Mr. Sumner's speech with being "unfair in statement." This is one of the delicate accusations of the Senator. The next is bolder. He charged Mr. Sumner as "guilty of historical perversion." Pray, with what face, after this, can he complain of my colleague? But he seems determined still to press the imputation in the most offensive form, for he next charges my colleague with "*historical falsehood*, which the gentleman has committed in the fallacy of his *sectional* vision." It would be difficult to accumulate into one phrase more offensive suggestions; and yet the Senator now complains that he has had administered to him what he has so often employed himself.

All these are understood to have been accompanied by a manner more offensive than the words. This cannot be preserved in the report; but the following passage may give even some idea of this:

"I have said that the independence of America was achieved by the arms and treasure of slaveholding States. I will never, in a parliamentary sense, be personal; *but I say that I convict him of historical falsehood. Dare you, sir, look me in the face and deny it?*

"Mr. SUMNER—Deny what?

"Mr. BUTLER—That independence was won by the arms and treasure of slaveholding States?

"The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Stewart in the chair)—The Senator must address the Chair.

"Mr. BUTLER—*He cannot and dare not deny it.*

"Mr. SUMNER—Will the Senator yield the floor?

"Mr. BUTLER—Yes, sir, because I want to hear what you can say on that subject.

"Mr. SUMNER—What I can say is very easily said, and, I think, is very decisive. When, in our history, we speak of slaveholding States, we mean those in which slavery has been an established policy, and professedly an essential element in their civilization. This, I believe, is common, if not universal. Of such I spoke when I spoke of slaveholding States—such as were regarded as slaveholding States at the adoption of the Constitution—which in those days were called Southern States, in contrast to the Northern States, sometimes called the non-slaveholding States. By slaveholding States, of course I mean States which were peculiarly, distinctively, essentially slaveholding, and not States in which the holding of slaves seems to have been rather the accident of the hour, and in which all the people, or the greater part of the people, were ready to welcome emancipation."

In this extract you will see something of the Senator's insolence in contrast with the quiet manner of Mr. Sumner, who, while defending his position, was perfectly parliamentary.

Other passages from the speech of the Senator might be quoted; but the patience of the Senate is well-nigh exhausted by this long exhibition of personalities; therefore I will content myself with only one more. Here it is:

"I know, sir, he said, the other day, that all he said was the effusion of an impulsive heart; but it was the effusion of his drawer. Talk to me about the effusions of the heart! What kind of effusions are those which escape from tables—from papers—played like cards sorted for the purpose? They are weapons prepared by contribution, and discharged in this body, with a view of gratifying the feelings of resentment and malice—with a view of wounding the pride of the State which I represent, and, through her, to stab the reputation of the other Southern States. *But, sir, we are above the dangers of open combat, and cannot be hurt by the assaults even of attempted assassination.*"

"We cannot be hurt by attempted assassination," exclaims the Senator from South Carolina!

Attempted assassination!

It ill becomes the Senator from South Carolina to use these words in connection with Massachusetts or the North. The arms of Massachusetts are freedom, justice, truth! Strong in these, she is not driven to the necessity of resorting to "attempted assassination," either in or out of the Senate!

But the whole story is not yet told. I wish to refer to another assault made by the Senator, which I witnessed myself, a few days after I took a seat in this body. On the 23d of February, 1855, in one of the last days of the last session, to the bill introduced by the Senator from Connecticut [Mr. Toucey] Mr. Sumner moved an amendment, providing for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave act. He made some remarks in support of that proposition. The Senator from South Carolina rose and interrupted him, saying, "I would ask him one question which he, perhaps, will not answer *honestly*." Mr. Sumner said, "I will answer any question."

The Senator went on to ask questions, and received his answers; and then he said, speaking of Mr. Sumner, "I know he is not a tactician, and I shall not take advantage of the infirmity of a man who does not know half his time exactly what he is about." This is indeed extraordinary language for the Senator from South Carolina to apply to the Senator from Massachusetts. I witnessed that scene. I then deemed the language insulting: the manner was more so. I hold in my hands the remarks of the Louisville *Journal*, a Southern press, upon this scene. I shall not read them to the Senate, for I do not wish to present anything which the Senator may even deem offensive. I will say, however, that his language and his deportment to my colleague on that occasion were aggressive and overbearing in the extreme. And this is the Senator who never makes assaults! But, not content with assaulting Mr. Sumner, he winds up his speech by a taunt at "Boston philanthropy." Surely no person ever scattered assaults more freely!

Thus has Mr. Sumner been by the Senator from South Carolina systematically assailed in this body from the 28th of July, 1852, up to the present time—a period of nearly four years. He has applied to my colleague every expression calculated to wound the sensibilities of an honourable man, and to draw down upon him sneers, obloquy, and hatred, in and out of the Senate. In my place here, I now pronounce these continued assaults upon my colleague unparalleled in the history of the Senate.

I come now to speak for one moment of the late speech of my colleague, which is the alleged cause of the recent assault upon him, and which the Senator from South Carolina has condemned so abundantly. That speech—a thorough and fearless exposition of what Mr. Sumner entitled the "Crime against Kansas"—from beginning to end, is marked by entire plainness. Things are called by their right names. The usurpation in Kansas is exposed, and also the apologies for it, successively. No words were spared which seemed necessary to this exhibition. In arraigning the *crime*, it was natural to speak of those who sustained it. Accordingly, the Administration is constantly held up to condemnation. Various Senators who have vindicated this crime are at once answered and condemned. Among these are the Senator from South Carolina, the Senator from Illinois [Mr. Douglas], the Senator from Virginia [Mr. Mason], and the Senator from Missouri [Mr. Geyer].

The Senator from South Carolina now complains of Mr. Sumner's speech. Surely it is difficult to see on what ground that Senator can make any such complaint. The speech was indeed severe—severe as truth—but in all respects parliamentary. It is true that it handles the Senator from South Carolina freely, but that Senator had spoken repeatedly in the course of the Kansas debate, once at length and elaborately, and at other times more briefly, and foisting himself into the speeches of other Senators, and identifying himself with the *crime* which my colleague felt it his duty to arraign. It was natural, therefore, that his course in the debate, and his position, should be particularly considered. And in this work Mr. Sumner had no reason to hold back when he thought of the constant, and systematic, and ruthless attacks which, utterly without cause, he had received from that Senator. The only objection which the Senator from South Carolina can reasonably make to Mr. Sumner is, that he struck a strong blow.

The Senator complains that the speech was printed before it was delivered. Here, again, is his accustomed inaccuracy. It is true that it was in the printer's hands, and was mainly in type, but it received additions and revisions after its delivery, and was not put to press till then. Away with this petty objection! The Senator says that twenty thousand copies have gone to England. Here, again, is his accustomed inaccuracy. If they have gone, it is without Mr. Sumner's agency. But the Senator foresees the truth. Sir, that speech will go to England; it will go to the continent of Europe; it has gone over the country, and has been read by the American people as no speech ever delivered in this body was read before. That speech will go down to coming ages. Whatever men may say of its sentiments—and coming ages will indorse its sentiments—it will be placed among the ablest parliamentary efforts of our own age, or of any age.

The Senator from South Carolina tells us that the speech is to be condemned, and he quotes the venerable and distinguished Senator from Michigan [Mr. Cass]. I do not know what Mr. Sumner could stand. The Senator says he could not stand the censure of the Senator from Michigan [Mr. Cass]. *I could*; and I believe there are a great many in this country whose powers of endurance are as great as my own. I have great respect for that venerable Senator; but the opinions of no Senator here are potential in the country. This is a Senate of equals. The judgment of the country is to be made up on the records formed here. The opinions of the Senator from Michigan and of other Senators here are to go into the record, and will receive the verdict of the people. By that I am willing to stand.

The Senator from South Carolina tells us that the speech is to be condemned. It has gone out to the country. It has been printed by the million. It has been scattered broadcast among seventeen millions of Northern freemen who can read and write. The Senator condemns it; South Carolina condemns it; but South Carolina is only a part of this Confederacy, and but a part of the Christian and civilized world. South Carolina makes rice and cotton, but South Carolina contributes little to make up the judgment of the Christian and civivilized world. I value her rice and cotton more than I do her opinions on questions of scholarship and eloquence, of patriotism or liberty.

Mr. President, I have no desire to assail the Senator from South Carolina, or any other Senator in this body; but I wish to say now that we have had quite enough of this asserted superiority, social and political. We were told, some time ago, by the Senator from Alabama [Mr. Clay], that those of us who entertained certain sentiments fawned upon him and other Southern men, if they permitted us to associate with them. This is strange language to be used in this body. I never fawned upon that Senator. I never sought his acquaintance, and I do not know that I should feel myself honoured if I had it. I treat him as an equal here—I wish always to treat him respectfully; but when he tells me or my friends that we fawn upon him or his associates, I say to him that I have never sought, and never shall seek, any other acquaintance than what official intercourse requires with a man who declared, on the floor of the Senate, that he would do what Henry Clay once said "no gentleman could do"—hunt a fugitive slave.

The Senator from Virginia, not now in his seat [Mr. Mason], when Mr. Sumner closed his speech, saw fit to tell the Senate that his hands would be soiled by contact with ours. The Senator is not here; I wish he were. I have simply to say that I know nothing in that Senator, moral, intellectual or physical, which entitles him to use such language towards members of the Senate, or any portion of God's creation. I know nothing in the State from which he comes, rich as it is in the history of the past, that entitles him to speak in such a manner. I am not here to assail Virginia. God knows I have not a feeling in my heart against her or against her public men; but I do say it is time that these arrogant assumptions ceased here. This is no place for assumed social superiority, as though certain members held the keys of cultivated and refined society. Sir, they do not hold the keys, and they shall not hold over me the plantation whip.

I wish always to speak kindly towards every man in this body. Since I came here, I have never asked an introduction to a Southern member of the Senate, not because I have any feelings against them, for God knows I have not; but I knew that they believed I held opinions hostile to their interests, and I supposed they would not desire my society. I have never wished to obtrude myself on their society, so that certain Senators could do with me as they have boasted they did with others—refuse to receive their advances or refuse to recognise them on the floor of the Senate. Sir, there is not a Cooly in the Guano islands of Peru who does not think the Celestial Empire the whole universe. There are a great many men who have swung the whip over the plantation who think they not only rule the plantation, but make up the judgment of the world, and hold the keys not only to political power, as they have done in this country, but to social life.

The Senator from South Carolina assails the resolutions of my State with his accustomed looseness, as springing from ignorance, passion, prejudice, excitement. Sir, the testimony before the House committee sustains all that is contained in those resolutions. Massachusetts has spoken her opinions; and although the Senator has quoted the Boston *Courier* to-day—and I would not rob him of any consolation he can derive from that source—I know Massachusetts, and I can tell him that, of the one million two hundred thousand people of Massachusetts, you cannot find in the State one thousand—Administration office-holders included—who do not look with loathing and execration upon the outrage on the person of their Senator, and the honour of their State. The sentiment of Massachusetts, of New England, of the North, approaches unanimity. Massachusetts has spoken her opinions. The Senator is welcome to assail them, if he chooses; but they are on the record. They are made up by the verdict of her people, and they understand the question, and from their verdict there is no appeal.

Mr. President, I have spoken freely; I shall continue always to speak freely. I seek no controversy with any man; but I shall express my sentiments frankly, and the more frankly because on this floor my colleague has been smitten down for words spoken in debate, and because there are those who, unmindful of the Constitution of their country, claim the right thus to question us.

[After this Mr. Butler made some discursive remarks and ended by saying:]

"I suppose the Senator [Mr. Wilson] is to be considered in some sense the historian of his State, I desire to ask him how many battles were fought in Massachusetts during the revolutionary war?"

Mr. WILSON—I will answer the Senator. The battles fought in Massachusetts during the Revolution were few, because they were not necessary. Our Massachusetts men met the enemy at Lexington, at Concord Bridge, at Bunker Hill, and on the heights of Dorchester. They would have met them on every spot in Massachusetts, but the enemy took good care right early to get and to keep out of that State.

Mr. BUTLER—I did not say that Massachusetts did not whip the enemy, and keep them out of the State. All that I said was that the blood shed in the battle of King's Mountain, the blood shed at Cowpens, the blood shed at Guilford, the blood shed at Camden, and the blood shed at Charleston, in a fair measurement of liquid measure would count hogsheads where gallons could be counted from Massachusets. Mr. Sumner may say this is a loose declaration, and the Senator endorses him. I say the fact is so. We were not indebted to Massachusetts for any of our battles. But, sir, the gentleman shall not draw from me any reproach on Massachusetts. I said that Massachusetts did her duty. Did I not pay a tribute to the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill? Did I not use the strong expression that they were the Marathon and the Salamis of the Revolution? Did I not say that Massachusetts had committed us in the contest, and that we helped her?

Sir, I do not regard this debate as profitable. It is a very disagreeable thing to me; but the Senator renews this matter about the respective titles in history of Massachusetts and South Carolina. Neither of the gentlemen from Massachusetts can challenge history. History has already decided upon their relative merits. I want the common merits of South Carolina and Massachusetts to go together so far as regards past history.

Mr. WILSON—I have a word to say in response to the words just made by the Senator in regard to what he calls the assault on South Carolina. He said yesterday, as I understood him, that "South Carolina had shed hogsheads of blood where Massachusetts had shed gallons" during the Revolution.

Mr. BUTLER—On the battle-fields of the two States.

Mr. WILSON—I heard no such limitation. I understood the Senator to mean that South Carolina had contributed hogsheads of the blood of her sons where Massachusetts had only contributed gallons to the Revolution. Sir, South Carolina furnished five thousand five hundred soldiers, Massachusetts sixty-nine thousand; and they drove the enemy, and followed the enemy, and met the enemy on the battle-fields of the Revolution, from the Northern to the Southern boundaries of the Republic—from the St. Lawrence to the St. Mary's. There were but few battles fought on the soil of Massachusetts, for the reason that the enemy thought it was safer to leave Massachusetts and go to South Carolina.

The British army thought it was not safe to be very near the battle-fields of Concord, of Lexington, and of Bunker Hill, and it left Massachusetts, and took good care to keep out of a Commonwealth where friends always find a welcome, and foes are apt to find a grave.

During the Revolution, a portion of the people of South Carolina, the Gadsdens, the Rutledges the Laurenses, the Sumpters, the Marions, made as great sacrifices for the cause of independence as any patriots in any portion of the land; but the fact cannot be denied—and all these patriots, including even Marion, convict South Carolina of the fact—that she had a large class of Tories. There was a civil war in that State; and more than that, thousands and tens of thousands of her sons sought protection under the British flag. When the army of Greene was starving, the British army in Charleston was receiving all that the fertile valleys of South Carolina could produce, carry into Charleston, and exchange for British gold. When Greene and his patriot army wanted oxen and horses to carry supplies, they were hustled off into the forest by the people who had, to quote the words of General Barnwell, "far greater attachment to their interests than zeal for the service of their country."

Mr. BUTLER—Let me ask the gentleman who fed Greene's army at that time?

Mr. WILSON—"Who fed Greene's army?" That army was hardly fed at all—at any rate it was but poorly fed and scantily clothed. I apprehend, sir, that Greene's army—like the schoolboy's whistle that whistled itself—fed itself.

I have no disposition to assail the Senator's State. I should blush if I could say aught against the patriots of South Carolina, or ever cease to feel gratitude for their efforts—their prompt response to the patriots of my own State in the early days of the Revolution; but, sir, Gadsden, Burke, Marion, Ramsay, Barnwell, and the patriots of that period, have borne this evidence, that South Carolina was weakened in that contest by the existence of slavery. That was what Mr. Sumner charged, and on a former occasion demonstrated, and that, I take it, no man here or elsewhere can deny.

The Senator tells us that he has complimented the battle-fields of Massachusetts, the fields of Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill. That Senator, and the constituents of that Senator, can stand upon those sacred spots, and breathe something of the spirit of Liberty that makes them immortal. He can utter his sentiments—sentiments so little in harmony with the gallant dead that sleep beneath those hallowed sods, or the living who now guard them under the protection of law and a public sentiment nurtured and sustained by free speech. I should be proud to tread the battle-fields of South Carolina, hallowed by patriot blood. Yes, sir, it would afford me intense gratification to stand upon those stricken fields so dear to every true American heart; but I do not know that I could do so without suppressing those cherished sentiments of liberty, for the vindication of which patriot blood was poured out at Camden, Guilford, Eutaw and Hobkirk Hill.

But all these allusions and reflections upon the history of the past afford me no gratification. I say to the Senator from South Carolina, that he, and I, and all of us, had far better turn from the past, cease to reflect upon the services of our States in the revolutionary era, and deal with the living questions which we must meet in this age—questions that have great issues, involving the interests of our common country and the rights of human nature. He, and I, and all of us here, ought to strive to settle these great issues for the good of our common country, and the whole people of the country, bond and free.

ONE of our most distinguished scholars called the other day on the venerable Josiah Quincy, son of the Quincy of the Revolution, and found him literally and constantly oppressed with the weight of patriotic sorrow and shame. All that belongs to him, the history of his family, his own honourable fame which he has made historical, and his hopes for his posterity—all are identified with the welfare and glory of this Free Republic. And now that he is closing a life well spent in the public service, in which he has never spared himself nor shrunk from duty, he finds this country, dearer to him than life, dishonoured by brutal violence unpunished in the highest places, and convulsed by a civil war *got up* and aided on by the chief magistrate of the land, and his mind sinks under a load of grief. He said he could not conceive how an orator in Faneuil Hall at such a time could have thrice provoked "laughter," as reported in the papers. What could that orator have been thinking of? Is he a specimen of a fatal frivolity pervading the public mind, and rendering it incapable of elevated sentiments or heroic deeds for the salvation of the country?—*Independent.*

A NEW LESSON FOR THE DAY.

A SERMON

Preached at the Music Hall, in Boston, on Sunday, May 25, 1856.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

Psalm XII. 8: "The wicked walk on every side, when the vilest men are exalted."

* * * * * * * *

AMERICA is now in a state of incipient civil war: houses are burned, others are plundered; blood is shed. A few months ago, two worthy men from Kansas, Judge Conway and Gen. Pomeroy, were worshipping here with us. They were often at my house. They have violated no constitutional law, no legal statute. But the newspapers report that both are in jail: if they are at large, it is through their skill in escaping from lawless foes. Governor Robinson, who was also here but a few weeks ago, is now in jail, on the charge of Treason. The Border Ruffians will hang him, if they dare. His crime is obedience to the law of his land, and hatred to slavery. Mr. Tappan, a young man known to many of you, a member of this congregation, went to Kansas with the first company of emigrants: a worthy man, but guilty of respect for the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence. If he is not in jail, his freedom is due to his own adroitness, not the justice of the "Authorities." The usurping Government strikes at those men because they love justice. Lawrence has been sacked; property destroyed, one states to the amount of a hundred and thirty thousand dollars; and I know not how many men have been murdered. I shall not speak of the violence to women. These are acts for which the General Government is responsible, committed by its creatures, who have been set upon the honest inhabitants of Kansas.

We also have a Despotic Power in the United States. There is a Russia in America, a privileged class of three hundred and fifty thousand slaveholders, who own three million five hundred thousand slaves, and control four million poor whites in the South. This despotism is more barbarous than Russia; more insolent, more unscrupulous, more invasive. It has long controlled all the great offices in America. The President is only its tool. It directs the national policy, foreign and domestic; sympathizes with every foreign tyrant; and, at home, wages war on all the best institutions of the country. Impudent and consolidated, it governs the American Church and State. It says to the Tract Society, "Not a word against slavery;" and the Tract Society bends its knees—so limber to men, so stiff against God—and answers, "Not a word against slavery: we will take a South-side view of all popular wickedness. It is true, the North pays us the money; and so it is proper that the South should tell how it must be spent. Not a word against slavery." It comes up to the Bible Society, and thunders forth, "Don't give the New Testament to the slaves!" And the Bible Society says, "Not a New Testament. Slavery is Christian. If Jesus of Nazareth were on earth, he would open a commissioner's office in Boston, and kidnap men. Judas is the beloved disciple. We never will disturb slavery." It tells the Northern courts, legislatures, governors, "Steal men for us; kidnap your own fellow-citizens of New England, and deliver them up to be our bondsmen forever, and then yourselves pay the costs!" And the Northern courts, legislatures, governors, citizen-soldiers, are ready: they volunteer to steal men, and then pay the price, not only of blood, but of money, and that "with alacrity."

In Kansas, on a large scale, this Russia in America, this Privileged Class of despots in a democracy, wages war against freedom. It burns houses, destroys printing-presses, shoots men. There it was Missouri Ruffians, some of them members of Congress, an Ex-Senator or so, United States soldiers, Southern immigrants, whom it furnishes with weapons, adorns with a legal collar, and then sets upon the people. Just now, the House of Representatives asks what force the Government has in Kansas, and what instructions have been given. The answer is, There is only a Lieutenant-Colonel's command there—half a Regiment; the officer is ordered not to enforce the laws of the territorial legislature. This does not tell the whole story. The United States Marshal does the bidding of the unlawful legislature which the Missourians elected: he calls out his *posse comitatus*, and the United States Government furnishes them with weapons and authority. They are the provisional army in this civil war which the Government wages against the people. Look at this fact: slaveholders have hired immigrants to go from Alabama and South Carolina to Kansas, and fight the battle of slavery. When Col. Beaufort's party, three or four hundred strong, arrived at Lawrence, they were too poor to pay for their first breakfast. What shall be done with them? They are draughted into the *posse* of the Sheriff; and, in the service of the Government, they burn the property and shoot the sons of New England! I need not dwell on these things. Every mail brings tidings of fresh wickedness committed in that ill-fated Territory.

At Washington, on a small scale, this despotic power wages war against freedom. There it uses an arm of a different form—the arm of an Honourable Ruffian, a member of Congress, a (Southern) "gentleman," a "man of property and standing," born of one of the "first families of South Carolina," a nephew (by marriage) of Senator Butler. He skulks about the purlieus of the Capitol, and twice seeks to waylay his victim, honourable, and suspecting no dishonour. But, failing of that meanness, the assassin, a bludgeon in his hand, pistols in his pocket, attended by his five friends, armed also with daggers and pistols, watches in the Senate Chamber till his enemy is alone, then steals up behind him as he sits writing, when his arms are pinioned in his heavy chair and his other limbs are under the desk, and on his naked head strikes him with a club loaded with lead, until he falls, stunned and bleeding, to the floor, and then continues his coward blows. South Carolina is very chivalrous! If an Irishman in Cove Place should strike another Irishman after he was down, it would be thought a very heinous offence amongst Irishmen. If Patrick had Michael down, and *then beat him* (pardon me, forty thousand Irishmen in Boston, that I suppose it possible!) it would be thought a great outrage. Cove Place would boot him forth with a shout of contemptuous rage. But when a son of South Carolina beats a defenceless man over the head, after he has stunned him and brought him to the ground, it is very chivalrous! South Carolina applauds it, and gets up a testimonial to do it honour. All the South will commend the mode as well as the matter of the deed.

This American oligarchy means to destroy all our democratic institutions. Russian despotism is not more hostile to liberty in Europe than the Slave Power to freedom here. But the slaveholders are not alone. American and Russian despotism have the same allies—the corruption of many controlling men, such as direct the politics of the North, and to a great extent also its large commerce. Since the settlement of the country, the great mass of Northern men have never been so well educated and so moral. But the controlling class of men, who manage the high commerce and fill the political offices, have never been so corrupt, so unpatriotic, so mean and selfish. Will you say I am mistaken? Then the error is of long standing; a judgment formed after careful study of the past, and a wide knowledge of the present. Look at Massachusetts, the State officials, the United States officials, the United States Court in New England: can the past furnish a parallel since Andros was Commissioner, and Papal James II was King? The Hutchinsons and the Olivers of revolutionary times would blush to be named with men whose brow no wickedness can shame. It would be cruel to Benedict Arnold to compare him with certain other sons of New England now in high official place.

Be not surprised at this attack on Mr. Sumner. It is no strange thing. It is the result of a long series of acts, each the child of its predecessor, and father of what followed, not exceptional, but instantial, in our history. Look with a little patience after the Cause of those outrages at Kansas and at Washington. You will not agree with me to-day: I cannot convince four thousand men, and carry them quite so far, all at once. Think of my words when you go home.

Look first at the obvious cause of the blows dealt that fair senatorial head by the

up the terrible speech in the Senate House on the 7th of March, when that mighty power of eloquence shook the land, so loud did it cry for the extension and perpetuation of slavery! You remember the nine hundred and eighty-seven men of Boston, who thanked the recreant son of New England for his treason to humanity, told him he had pointed out "the path of duty, convinced the understanding, and touched the conscience, of a nation"; nay, expressed their "entire concurrence in the sentiments of that speech," and gave him "their heartfelt thanks for the inestimable aid it afforded to the preservation of the Union." You cannot forget the speech from the steps of the Revere House on the 29th of April—the declaration from those senatorial lips that "discussion" on the subject of slavery, in Congress and out of it, must "in some way be suppressed." You remember that Massachusetts was to "conquer her prejudices" in favour of justice and the law of God, to "do a disagreeable duty," and kidnap her own citizens. How many controlling men of Boston said "Ay," we will conquer those "prejudices," do that "disagreeable duty"! Political and commercial journals, ministers in their pulpits—they went for the Fugitive Slave bill! I wish I could forget it all. May God forgive them for the atheism they preached, and the dreadful woe springing up in our future path from the seed they cast abroad! But there were honourable exceptions, commercial and ecclesiastical—a few!

Mr. Eliot voted for the bill (I had hoped better things from a man with so much good in him, which no wickedness, past, or future, shall blot from my book); and, when he returned, the prominent citizens of Boston called upon him, and one by one, in public places, they grasped his hand, and said, "We thank you for all this; it was just what we wanted you to do; you have represented the feeling, not of all Boston, but of the property, the talent, the piety, of Boston."

When the first kidnappers came here, you will easily call to mind the indignation of the controlling men, because William and Ellen Craft could not be taken and made slaves. You will not forget the Union meeting in Faneuil Hall, the resolutions, the speeches of Mr. Hallett and Mr. Curtis. From the Senator who had lost the petition out of his hat came the triple admonition, "REMEMBER, REMEMBER, REMEMBER." Let us keep it in recollection.

When the country towns, like Lynn and Worcester, said, "We will not kidnap men," what did the great political and commercial journals say? "We will cut off their trade; we will starve them out. If they do not mean to sustain that law, Boston will not deal with them: it won't sell West India goods and calicoes to Lynn and Worcester." You know what the most distinguished men of Boston said of the Free Soilers about that time. Some men of high social standing, large talent, great character, inherent nobleness of spirit, said, "We will have nothing to do with slave-hunting. That bill is a bill of abominations: we tread it under our feet." One of the most conspicuous men of Boston called these men "a nest of vipers"—said they "broke their teeth gnawing a file"; how many echoed the word all round the town! Charles Sumner belonged to this "nest of vipers" in 1851.

When Shadrach was rescued, you know how the newspapers mourned over it, and the ministers of Boston made public lamentation.

When the Mayor of Boston was kidnapping Thomas Sims, to gratify the desire of a certain family in Boston, Marshal Tukey drilled the police in Court square, teaching them "military duty." A man laughed at the evolutions of the "awkward squad," and, for that offence, was imprisoned in the lockup. A woman was threatened with the same punishment, for the same offence; but the Quakeress laughed it down. "Fifteen hundred gentlemen of property and standing" volunteered their armed help to deliver the poor boy into the bondage which now wears his wretched life away. What respectable and affluent joy lit up both the parlours and the churches of commerce and politics when Boston bore the first-fruits of the Fugitive Slave bill! How blessed was the brig "Acorn," which cradled Thomas Sims in its shell!

Men of shortest memory can reach back to Anniversary Week, 1854, and recollect Anthony Burns, a Baptist minister, "ordained" a slave by Commissioner Loring—*fore*-ordained, as the sentence was given without waiting for the "trial." I hope you remember the kidnapper's counsel on that occasion. I know you will recall the soldiers in Court square, who loaded their muskets with powder and ball. I think you have not forgotten the cannon, filled with canister-shot at that time, in Court square. I am sure some of you remember the charge of the United States Judge on the 7th of June; the indictment, in October, 1854, against Wendell Phillips. He had made a fatal mistake; he did not know that freedom of speech was "to be crushed out" of Massachusetts. So, in the Cradle of Liberty, he had spoken such words as he always speaks, straight out from the heart of Humanity, and with a tongue of such persuasion as never before his time has rung through New England; and, depend upon it, when that ceases to be mortal, God will not create such eloquent lips again in haste. He had spoken at Faneuil Hall, against kidnapping. Messrs. Hallett and Curtis had him indicted for a misdemeanour; and he was held to bail in fifteen hundred dollars. The punishment was to be a fine of three hundred dollars, and imprisonment in jail for twelve months. That was the state of things at that time. Look at Boston now. The Judge of Probate, who sent Anthony Burns into bondage, is still the guardian of orphans. He holds the same office he held before, though a law of Massachusetts has been made expressly forbidding it. That law of Massachusetts is trodden under foot; the Governor treads it under his feet; the Judge of Probate, the House of Representatives, the Senate, the press of Boston, tread it under their feet. The City Authorities of Boston must have some one to deliver an oration on the birthday of American independence. Do they invite Mr. Sumner? Not at all. Mr. Phillips? They would sink the State rather than have him. No: it must be one of the kidnapper's counsel in 1854. A very proper man to preach a sermon to the people on the Fourth of July, with the Declaration of Independence for a text! He can go back two years, and find an illustration of it. The argument he used in the kidnapper's court, in May, 1854, would be very convenient for him to introduce on the Fourth of July, 1856. The Declaration of Independence must be read. I suppose that will be done by George Ticknor Curtis, Benjamin Franklin Hallett, or some other of that excellent fraternity of kidnappers who are appointed to rule over us.

The Legislature of last Winter (1855) was the greenest Legislature we ever had: it had less legislative experience than any other. It was the poorest in point of property: none other represented so small a ratio of the wealth of Massachusetts. It was the most uneducated: none ever had so little of the superior education which falls to the lot of lawyers, doctors and ministers. But no Legislature, since I have known law-makers, ever showed so much honesty, humanity and justice. It cleared the Massachusetts statute-book of obnoxious laws, and passed an excellent law, making kidnapping impossible on the soil of Massachusetts. That was a Legislature which contained the better portion of what is called the "American party." The present Legislature contains a large portion of that other part of the American party, which is more properly called *Know-Nothing*, which required no inauguration for membership; and you know what this Legislature proposes to do. It would repeal the Personal Liberty law. Nothing but the assault on freedom in Washington will save it. It is laid over until next Tuesday, when it receives its final judgment. What that judgment shall be, I will not now say.

Now, put all these six or seven things together, and see what they amount to. The slaveholders understand this perfectly well. They know, that, when they strike at the head of Charles Sumner in the Senate of the United States, they attack a man whom the respectability of Boston called one of a "brood of vipers," whom it seeks to put down.

Put all these things together, and you see the secondary cause of this wickedness—the cause cooperative. Corrupt men at the North, in New England, in Boston, have betrayed the people. They struck at freedom before South Carolina dared lift an arm. The slaveholders know these things—that as often as they have demanded wickedness, Boston has answered the demand: they piece out their small bit of lion's skin with the pelt of many a Northern fox. They are in earnest for slavery; they think New England is not in earnest for freedom. Do you blame them for their inference? A few years ago, Mr. Sumner spoke in Boston, on "The True Grandeur of Nations," a lofty word before the City Fathers, on the Fourth of July, 1845. An argument against War, a Plea for Peace. As two of our most distinguished citizens came from listening, one said to the other, "Well, if that young man is going to talk in that way, he cannot expect Boston to hold him up." Since then, that young man has spoken even nobler words. Boston has not held him up; nay, the controlling part of it has sought to strike him down—counted him one of "a nest of vipers"—done nothing to support him, all to overthrow him. Why? Because he was the continual defender of the unalienable rights of man. Slaveholders are not fools; they know all this. The South never struck a Northern advocate of a tariff, or a defender of the Union. She knew the North would "hold up" the champions of the Union and the tariff. It only attacks the soldiers of freedom, knowing that the controlling power of the North also hates them. I know men in Boston to-day, who would long since have struck Mr. Sumner, had they only dared—nor him alone.

Last week, there were two remarkable spectacles in the United States. One at the State House, in Boston: it was the Legislature, stimulated by the enemies of freedom, proceeding to repeal the Personal Liberty Law, and seeking to restore kidnapping to Massachusetts. I need not tell here who it was—a very few men—that plotted the wickedness, nor how much they expected to gain by it. On the same day, not far from the same hour, in the Nation-House at Washington, there was another spectacle. A Representative of slavery, with a bludgeon, knocks our Senator to the ground—strikes him twenty or thirty blows after he is down. They are two scenes in the same tragedy. Both blows were dealt by the same arm—the Slave Power; both aimed at the same mark—the Head of Freedom; each came from the same motive which I need not name.

My friends, I am not sorry to see you thus excited. I am too old to look on such scenes with astonishment. I entertain no sudden heat. Pardon me that I am cool to-day.

To me, Massachusetts is the twelve hundred thousand persons in it; or, more emphatically, it is the thoughtful, it is the moral, it is the religious, people of Massachusetts. To me, Boston is the one hundred and sixty thousand men within her limits; or, more properly speaking, it is the moral and religious part of them. I am proud of Massachusetts: it is the grandest State in the world, I think. I am proud also of Boston. I respect and venerate her manifold excellence. I know her past history, and look for a future far more glorious than the deeds of Pilgrim or Patriot Fathers have rendered days gone by. For this reason, I tell Boston her faults; whereof the noble city is not conscious, else had she never done those deeds of shame. I do not hesitate to expose this wickedness to you, who easily understand it all; and even to men not familiar with such thoughts, whose disapproval was most grateful unto me—such men could not believe that our Boston was an accomplice with Carolina in this foul work. I say I am proud of Boston—not of those controlling men, who darkly misrule its politics, whose Machiavelian craft is like the Venitian poisons of old time, which destroyed sight, hearing, feeling, every noblest sense, and only left the vegetative life: I am ashamed of them. I do not hate them; I shall never belittle their excellence; I do not scorn them. I may be allowed to have pity for them—not the pity of contempt, but the pity of charity and love. I am not proud of them; but of the sober, moral part of Boston I am proud—thereof is New England proud. It is the grandest city in this world; it is the humanest city, the most thoughtful city, on this continent; it is the furthest advanced in its humanity.

But the Boston which the South knows, listens to, and respects, is a very different city. It is a Boston that consists of some twenty or thirty persons, perhaps a hundred, "men of property and standing"; and some two or three thousand flunkies—I do not know exactly how numerous they are. That is the Boston which the South knows. Now, that Boston, which the South knows, hates freedom, hates democracy, hates religion. In 1835, it put down a woman's prayer-meeting. In 1844, it annexed Texas. In 1846, it liked the Mexican War. In 1850, it indorsed the Fugitive Slave Bill. In 1851, it sent back Thomas Sims to bondage. In 1854, it "restored" Anthony Burns. In 1856, it pays the kidnapper's counsel to discourse to the people on the Fourth of July. The South understands that that Boston hates Mr. Sumner—hates him because he loves liberty; hates Mr. Wilson and Mr. Banks; and hates the memory of Washington, and, whenever it mentions him, it disembowels him of his noblest humanity before it dares to praise. Last night, at Faneuil Hall, there was much official talk about freedom of speech. Some of it was honest; but how much of it was only "sound and fury, signifying nothing"? Study the history of the speakers—it is not a long task—and then judge.

The ghastly evils which Southern despotism has brought on us in ten years' time are to be charged to a few persons. I could mention ten men in Boston who might have saved us all this woe. In 1844, if they had said, No such annexation of Texas—her hand red with Mexican blood, her breath foul with slavery—the Slave Power would have yielded before us. In 1850, had they said, There shall be no Fugitive Slave Act, Mr. Mason's Bill had slept the sleep of death. Even after Mr. Webster had spoken against the best instincts of his nature, which I still love to think was generous, they might have forbid the evil which came. Had they said the word, no kidnappers had profaned the grave of Hancock and Adams. In April, 1851, if they had said, Mr. Sims is not to be a slave henceforth, the family of man-stealers would suddenly have "caved in." In the Winter of 1854, when Mr. Douglas wished to spread slavery into Nebraska, had these men heartily said, It shall not be, it would not be. In the May of that year, if they had declared, We have had enough of man-stealing for Boston—nay, if only four of them had entered the Court House, and spoken to Mr. Burns, given him the public sign of their sympathy—depend upon it, we should not have been a second time tormented with that hideous sin. Commissioner Loring was not born for a kidnapper: that once kindly and now suffering heart took such wickedness by collateral infection, not hereditary taint. But those ten men wanted this iniquity brought about, wanted slave-ridden Texas in '44, wanted the Fugitive Slave Bill in '50, kidnapping in '51, and again in '54. They protested against the "abrogation of the Missouri Compromise," but in such language that the South knew it meant, "Do as you like; we will not prevent you." So it has been continually, "On the side of the Oppressor there was Power."

Where are such men now? Recall the platform of last night. Where were the citizens of most "eminent gravity," where the great fortunes, the great offices, the judges of the courts, the great "reputations"? Not one of them was there. Of the Boston which the South cares for, I saw not a man. Why not? You shall answer that question.

In Boston, there are three men of senatorial dignity: they have been in the Senate of the United States, and have all left it. They are men of large talent, good education, high social standing. They are all public orators, and seek occasions on which to address the people; and, to one of them, speech is as the breath of his nostrils. Last night, there was a meeting to express the indignation of Boston at the outrage on Mr. Sumner. These three men were asked to go and speak: not one of them was there. *Twice* the Committee waited on Mr. Winthrop and Mr. Everett, and *twice solicited* the ex-senators to come and speak; and twice was the labour thrown away. Did Mr. Everett, once a minister of this city, remember that he refused to present in the Senate the petition of three thousand New England ministers against the enslavement of Kansas? Did he recollect, that, a whole generation since, he volunteered to shoulder his musket, and march from Bunker Hill to Virginia to put down any attempt of the slaves to regain their natural and unalienable Right to Liberty? At a generous word, Massachusetts, who never forgets, would have rejoiced anew in the bounteous talents, in the splendid scholarship, of the man—would have recalled every public service he has done, and dropped a tear on his failures and evil deeds. But it was not in him. Mr. Winthrop inherits a name dear to all New England—connected with her earliest history, stitched into the cradle-clothes of American liberty. Could not he add a personal leaf to the ancestral bough—a merit to an accident? Or did he, who called Mr. Sumner one of a "nest of vipers," think Mr. Brooks was that prophetic "seed of the woman," who was to "bruise the serpent's head"? Let us honour every public service of such men with generous gratitude, but not forget how they fail us in an hour of need—never, till they repent: then let the dead bury their dead, and let us manfully forgive.

There is great talk about the freedom of speech: how much of it is sincere? Last night, at the indignation meeting—which had a low platform—there were two speakers, who, as a hearer said, "had got the hang of the schoolhouse," and knew what to say; but, with these exceptions, the speaking was rather dull, and did not meet the feelings of the people. Towards the end, the audience, seeing the well-known face of that man whose eloquence never fails him, because it is eloquence that comes out of so brave a heart, called for him: "Phillips! *Phillips!* PHILLIPS! PHILLIPS!" What said the platform? "Phillips shan't be heard;" and they dismissed the meeting—a meeting called to vindicate freedom of speech in Massachusetts; and the one speaker of Massachusetts—who would have gathered that audience, as I hold up in my hand these sweet Lilies of the Valley, and have raised them towards heaven, and then brought them down for common duty—must not speak, though the audience calls for him? The South understands us perfectly well.

Blame me as much as you please for what I say: ten years hence you will say that I am right. But, ere I go further on, let me do an act of gratitude and justice. In all those dark days behind us, there have been found faithful men, who risked their political prospects, the desires of honourable ambition, their social standing, nay, the esteem of their nearest relatives, and were faithful to Truth and Justice. What treatment have they met with in the Parlor, in the Forum, in the Market, in the Church? One day, their history must be writ; and some names now hated will appear like those which were the watchwords of the Revolution, and are now the heavenly sounds that cheer the young patriot in this night of storms. In such men, no city is so rich as this. Daughter of Nobleness, she is its Mother too. I hope to live long enough to do public honour to their high worth.

Be not surprised at the attack on our Senator. Violence at Washington is no new thing. You have not forgot the threat to assassinate John Quincy Adams. I knew men in Boston who said they wished it might be executed. But, not to go back so far, see what has happened this present year. Mr. William Smith, formerly Governor of Virginia (Extra Billy), knocked down an editor in the House of Representatives. Mr. Rusk, of Arkansas, with equal cowardliness, attacked another editor in the street—Mr. Greeley. Some Boston newspapers justified the outrage: a man who ventures to say a word against a distinguished slaveholder must expect to be knocked down. Alabamian Mr. Herbert shoots a waiter; the House takes the matter into consideration, and will not expel him: the Democratic party vote against it; not a Southern Democrat, and but one Northern Democrat, I think, saying otherwise. The Know-Nothing part of the American party go in the same direction: all the South justify the deed. It is a country in which there is only one class of men, and freedom of religion is secure! But it is of no consequence if an Irish Catholic, who is a waiter, is shot down by an Alabamian!

Charles Sumner is the next victim. One thing I must tell you, which you do not understand. There was a plot laid among these "chivalrous gentlemen" to do the deed. When the Senate adjourned, several distinguished Southern Senators staid: it was noticed by some persons, and one said, "I wonder what is in the wind now." Mr. Wilson has not the reputation of a non-resistant; he is a mechanic, and a soldier—a general. He carried his pistols to Washington, and caused it to be distinctly understood that he had not the common New England prejudice against shooting a scoundrel. He has not been insulted, and he will not be. That day he had some business with Mr. Sumner. He came and spoke a word to him as he sat and wrote at his desk. Those ruffians, Mr. Brooks and Mr. Keitt, had come into the Senate: they did not advance, but sat down and waited until Mr. Wilson had withdrawn. The only ally of Mr. Sumner was then gone; not a friend stood near him. Then the Southern "chivalry" gathered around, and Mr. Brooks came and assaulted him.

Now, do you know the seed whence came the bludgeon which struck that handsome and noble head? It was the "Acorn," in whose shell Boston carried back Thomas Sims in 1851; and on the 19th of April, on the seventy-sixth anniversary of the battle of Lexington, she took him out of that shell and put him in a jail at Savannah, where he was scourged till a doctor said, "You will kill him if you strike him again!" and the master said, "Let him die!" That was the Acorn whence grew the bludgeon which struck Charles Sumner.

Here is a letter from him, written but a day before beginning his speech: "Alas! alas!" he says, "the tyranny over us is complete! Will the people submit? When you read this, I shall be saying in the Senate, they will not. I shall pronounce the most thorough Philippic [against slavery] ever uttered in a legislative body." He kept his word: it was the most thorough Philippic against slavery ever uttered in an American Parliament. Nay, Wilberforce and Brougham, and their famous peers, never surpassed it in the British House. The talent, the learning, the eloquence of Mr. Sumner never went farther. The composure, the respectful dignity, of this man, who is a gentleman amongst gentlemen, was never more decorous and manly than at that time. He gave an argument: the South has answered it with a bludgeon cut from a tree whose seed was sown in Boston—Mr. Pearson's Acorn. Two years before this assault, Judge Loring was kidnapping Mr. Burns. That very day, the Know-Nothing Legislature, stimulated thereto by men well known, was attempting to reëstablish kidnapping in Boston, by destroying the Personal Liberty Law. It was not my Boston that wanted such wickedness; it was the slave-hunter's Boston that wanted it—a few men, idiotic in conscience, heart and soul.

I keep the coat of Thomas Sims; it is rent to tatters. I wish I had also the bloody garment of Charles Sumner, that I might show it to you; and I would ask Boston, "Knowest thou whether this be thy son's coat or no?" And Boston would answer, "It is my son's coat: an evil beast hath devoured him." And I would say, "The evil beast is of your own training."

When Mr. Phillips was indicted for freedom of speech, the bail was fixed at fifteen hundred dollars. Mr. Brooks is arrested for beating a man to an extent which may cause his death: the bail was fixed at five hundred dollars. The crime is only one-third so great. In 1851, when a Pennsylvania Quaker, a miller with a felt hat, rides to his neighbour's house on his sorrel horse, and the coloured people, resisting a kidnapper, cheer him, he is indicted for high treason against the United States, and spends months in jail; but Mr. Brooks goes at large. Passmore Williamson was charged with contempt—not for the United States, not for its laws, but only for Judge Kane; and he spends months in jail; and Mr. Representative Brooks goes at large all this time.

Now, I am not surprised at this. They who sow the wind must expect to see the whirlwind come up in time. It is very pretty work sowing the wind broadcast; light and clean to the hand, very respectable: but when you come to eat the harvest of whirlwinds, when the bread of storms is broke on your table, then you remember that "righteousness exalteth a nation, and sin is the ruin of any people." When the vilest of men are exalted, you most expect the wicked will "walk on every side." Remember the Cause of this wickedness in Washington, Kansas, all over the land—the ferocious disposition of the slaveholders, their fixed determination to spread bondage over the whole country, to "crush out" all freedom of speech. Remember the allies of that ferocity—corrupt men in the midst of us who have promoted this wickedness, who still encourage it. Remember the general servility of the Northern people, who tread down the black man that the white might gain money from the oppressor.

Do not think this is the act of a single person. Mr. Brooks is a representative man, more decorous and well-mannered than most men of his section or his State. He was but the agent of the Slave Power: all the South will justify his deed. Already South Carolina sends him a "testimonial" of its gratitude—a pitcher and a cane. Of course, there are honourable men in the South, who abhor this cowardly violence; but they will not dare to speak aloud.

Do not think the blow was struck at Mr. Sumner alone. It was at you and me and all of us—a blow at freedom of speech. Violence must begin somewhere, and he happened to be there. Now threats are uttered against all others who oppose the enslavement of the people: your masters say that Seward, Wilson, Wade and Hale shall next take their turn.

It is encouraging to see the Effect of this Outrage on the people at the North. Nothing has so stirred men before. Each new stroke of the slavedriver's whip startles some one. Whenever slavery is driven through our Northern cities, it breaks up the pavement a little; the stones are never replaced: by and by, the street will be impassible for that tumbril. The Fugitive Slave bill opened some Northern eyes; others were unstopped by its enforcement here. Some recovered their conscience when the Nebraska iniquity was first proposed; the blows in the Senate House waken yet more; the fall of the buildings at Lawrence startle other men from deadly sleep. "Let bygones be bygones"; if a man comes into the field at the eleventh hour, to honest work, let not those who have borne the burthen and heat of the day grudge him his place and his penny. If a man stand with his back leaning against the public whipping-post in Charleston, S. C., but looks northward, and loves freedom, and will do anything for it, let us give him our thanks and our help.

"The crime which the slaveholders have now committed against our Senator is very small compared to the sin of Boston against two of its inhabitants. Which is worse, for Mr. Brooks at Washington to beat an unarmed Senator with a heavy bludgeon, taking him unawares, or for Commissioner Curtis and Commissioner Loring to steal Mr. Sims and Mr. Burns? What are a few blows, to slavery for life? what the Southern "testimonial," compared to the "fifteen hundred *gentlemen*" who volunteered for the first kidnapping, and the citizen soldiers who so eagerly took part in the last one? Will Massachusetts ask the House of Representatives to expel the assassin? Who is Judge of Probate in Suffolk County? Two years ago, with the sword of Boston, the slaveholders cut and wounded peaceful citizens of our own town, and in vain do they besiege the Courts of our own State for redress! Mr. Brooks obeys the law of honour among ruffians, Messrs. Curtis and Loring the Fugitive Slave bill; which is the better of the two—the law of bullies, or of kidnappers? If Mayor Smith had a right to tread down the laws of Massachusetts, and smite and stab men with the sword, that he might steal a negro, why may not Mr. Brooks beat a Senator who speaks against the great crime of the nation?

I rejoice in the indignation which this outrage has caused. Boston is stirred as never before. Does she know that Mr. Sumner was wounded for *her* transgression, and bruised for *her* iniquity? Let us lay these things sorrowfully to heart. The past cannot be recalled; but we may do better in the future—remove the causes of this evil; may root slavery out of the land, "peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must."

In the country, I expect great good from this wickedness. New England farmers cover the corn they plant with a prayer for God's blessing: this year they will *stamp* it also with a curse on slavery. The matter will be talked over by the shoemakers, and in every carpenter's and trader's shop. The blacksmith, holding the horse's hoof between his legs, will pause over the inserted nail, and his brow grow darker while the human fire burns within. Meetings will be held in fifty towns of Massachusetts, nowhere with a platform so tame as that last night.

There is a war before us worse than Russian. It has already begun: when shall it end? "Not till Slavery has put Freedom down," say your masters at the South. "Not till Freedom has driven Slavery from the continent," let us say and determine.

I have four things to propose: First, Ask Mr. Sumner to come to Boston on the 4th of July, and, in this place, give us an oration worthy of the day, worthy of Boston, and worthy of himself. If he is too sick, ask Wendell Phillips; and, depend upon it, he will be well. Second, Make Mr. Sumner Senator next time, and let those men who talk about a "nest of vipers" understand that Massachusetts knows who has got poison on his tongue. Third, Make a man President who is not a knave, not a dunce. Fourth, Reverence the higher law of God in politics and in everything else; be not afraid of men; do not be *afraid* of God, but afraid to violate any law which He has writ on your soul; and then His blessing will be upon you, and His peace will be with us forever and ever.

PLATFORM ADOPTED BY THE CONVENTION AT PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 17, 1856.

THIS Convention of Delegates, assembled in pursuance of a call to the people of the United States, without regard to past political differences or divisions, who are opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise—to the policy of the present Administration—to the extension of slavery into free territory; in favour of the admission of Kansas as a free State—of restoring the action of the Federal Government to the principles of Washington and Jefferson, and for the purpose of presenting candidates for the offices of President and Vice President, do—

Resolve, That the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence and embodied in the Federal Constitution, are essential to the preservation of our Republican Institutions, and that the Federal Constitution, the rights of the States, and the Union of the States must and shall be preserved.

Resolved, That, with our Republican fathers, we hold it to be a self-evident truth, that all men are endowed with the inalienable right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and that the primary object and ulterior design of our Federal Government is, to grant these rights to all persons under its exclusive jurisdiction. That, as our Republican fathers, when they had abolished slavery in all our national territory, ordained that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law, it becomes our duty to maintain this provision of the Constitution against all attempts to violate it, for the purpose of establishing slavery in the territories of the United States by positive legislation, prohibiting its existence or extension therein. That we deny the authority of Congress, of a Territorial Legislature, of any individual or association of individuals to give legal existence to slavery in any territory of the United States, while the present Constitution shall be maintained.

Resolved, That the Constitution confers upon Congress sovereign power over the territories of the United States for their government, and that in the exercise of this power, it is both the right and the imperative duty of Congress to prohibit in the territories those twin relics of barbarism, polygamy and slavery.

Resolved, That while the Constitution of the United States was ordained and established by the people "in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty," and contains ample provisions for the protection of the life, liberty and property of every citizen, the dearest constitutional rights of the people of Kansas have been fraudulently and violently taken from them:

Their territory has been invaded by an armed force;

Spurious and pretended legislative, judicial and executive officers have been set over them, by whose usurped authority, sustained by the military power of the Government, tyrannical and unconstitutional laws have been enacted and enforced;

The right of the people to keep and bear arms has been infringed; test oaths of an extraordinary and entangling nature have been imposed as a condition of exercising the right of suffrage and holding office;

The right of an accused person to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury has been denied;

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, has been violated;

They have been deprived of life, liberty and property, without due process of law;

Freedom of speech and of the press has been abridged;

The right to choose their representatives has been made of no effect;

Murders, robberies and arsons have been instigated and encouraged, and the offenders have been allowed to go unpunished;

That all these things have been done with the knowledge, sanction and procurement of the present national Administration, and that for this high crime against the Constitution, the Union and humanity, we arraign that Administration, the President, his advisers, agents, supporters, apologists and accessories, either *before* or *after* the fact, before the country and before the world; and that it is our fixed purpose to bring the actual perpetrators of these atrocious outrages, and their accomplices, to a sure and condign punishment hereafter.

Resolved, That Kansas should be immediately admitted as a State of this Union, with her present free Constitution, as at once the most effectual way of securing to her citizens the enjoyment of the rights and privileges to which they are entitled, and of ending the civil strife now raging in her territory.

Resolved, That the highwayman's plea, that might makes right, embodied in the Ostend Circular, was in every respect unworthy of American Diplomacy, and would bring shame and dishonour upon any government or people that gave it their sanction.

Resolved, That a railroad to the Pacific Ocean by the most central practical route, is imperatively demanded by the interests of the whole country, and that the Federal Government ought to render immediate and sufficient aid in the construction, and as an auxiliary thereto, to the immediate construction of an emigrant road on the line of the railroad.

Resolved, That appropriations by Congress for the improvement of rivers and harbours of a national character required for the accommodation and security of an existing commerce, are authorised by the Constitution and justified by the obligations of Government to protect the lives and property of its citizens.

Resolved, That we invite the affiliation and cooperation of men of all parties, however differing from us in other respects, in support of the principles herein declared, and believing that the spirit of our institutions, as well as the Constitution of our country, guarantees liberty of conscience and equality of rights among citizens, we oppose all legislation impairing their security.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1856.

ANTI-SLAVERY CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY.

THE MANAGERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY hereby announce to the friends of Freedom and Equal Rights in the Commonwealth, that a MASS MEETING will be held, as usual, in the beautiful and commodious Grove at FRAMINGHAM, on the ensuing FOURTH OF JULY; the laudable design of which is to rescue that anniversary from the ordinary popular desecration, and to consecrate it to the cause of impartial and universal liberty, by striking a mortal blow at the existence of slavery in our land; and to which all who "despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood," and who "reject with indignation the wild and guilty fantasy that man can hold property in man," are cordially invited. In view of the impious claims and alarming strides of the SLAVE POWER—of the necessity of combined Northern opposition to it, root and branch, to the utter forgetfulness of all sectarian divisions and party lines—of the awful baptism of fire and blood through which ill-fated Kansas is passing—it is hoped and believed that this gathering will be unprecedently large, and animated by a spirit equal to the crisis.

Eloquent advocates of freedom will be present, whose names will be announced hereafter.

SPECIAL TRAINS of Cars to the Grove will be run by the Boston and Worcester Railroad Campany, leaving BOSTON, WORCESTER, MILLBURY, MILFORD AND NORTHBORO' at 9 o'clock, a. m., stopping at Way-stations, at the following rates of fare:

From Boston and from Worcester, to the Grove and back, SIXTY *cents* for adults, and THIRTY *cents* for children under twelve years.

From all other places on the main road, and its branches, to the Grove and back, FIFTY *cents* for adults, and TWENTY-FIVE *cents* for children.

RETURNING—Leave the Grove, from 5 to 6 o'clock. The proprietors engage to put the Grove in thorough order; an abundant supply of cold water is at hand; and the house on the border of the Grove will be open for refreshments.

The Committee of Arrangements are

FRANCIS JACKSON,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON, } of Boston.
EDMUND JACKSON,
HENRY O. STONE,
CHARLES F. HOVEY, } of Framingham.
SAMUEL MAY, JR., of Leicester.

THE MODERN CASSANDRA.

WE spoke last week of the prophetic function which has been fulfilled by the Abolitionists in this nation for fifteen or twenty years past. Acting on certain fixed principles, the nature of God, the nature of man, the inexorable demands of justice, the retribution that inevitably follows injustice, the certainty that those who work in pitch *must* be defiled, and that the chain limits the hand which holds it not less surely than the neck upon which it is rivetted, the Abolitionists have foreshown the course of events more accurately than those who undertook the same work from the opposite stand-point of self-interest, expediency and availability.

But though the fulfilment of their predictions gives them abundant cause to be satisfied with the premises and the course of reasoning on which those predictions were founded, and though a great advance towards their ultimate object has been made within the last five years, and immensely accelerated within the last five months, the Abolitionists have not achieved what men call success. Their own numbers are no greater; neither the nation, nor any political party, nor any church, has believed their report, nor accepted their principles, nor adopted their course of action; on the contrary, all these have joined to discountenance and malign them. How is this to be explained?

The predictions of Cassandra respecting the fall of Troy were disbelieved because a jealous and revengeful god interfered to darken the minds of men, and turn them away from the truth; but even if we could believe the priests who then (as since) ascribed such characteristics to the Deity, we need not look to a supernatural source for the explanation of facts which are fully accounted for by human agency.

The rebuke addressed to the Hebrew nation, first by Isaiah and afterwards by Jesus, "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me," may as truly and as fitly be addressed to the American people. They do not at all understand the glory and excellence of TRUTH. They unscrupulously say, and repeat year after year, that to which their actions give the lie. Their highest models of excellence, the founders of their Republic, deliberately published to the world the statement that "God has given to men certain *inalienable* rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and then proceeded to make laws which deprived some men of liberty and others of life for crimes committed by them, and which interdicted the pursuit of happiness to one-sixth part of the population, depriving them permanently of that liberty which these oppressors had just purchased for themselves at the cost of a bloody revolution, without even the pretence of crime on their part. And the descendants of those men have ever since pursued a similar course, only showing that greater audacity in falsehood which naturally results from the continued practice of it.

This nation pretends to be Christian, and to receive, as infallibly inspired, the Christian Scriptures, in which it is written "*they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved.*" But who, of their thirty thousand ministers, preaches from this text, or teaches the lesson it inculcates? It is notoriously true that the ministers themselves, like the politicians, fight for *their side* and oppose its opposers, regardless of the call of truth in an opposite direction. Even one of their own number, Henry Ward Beecher, lecturing on one of the most serious practical subjects of our time, declared that "the South imports her whips, handcuffs, ploughs, hoes, ministers and other tools from the North," and the audience, following the lead of the speaker's clerical father and brothers, who were seated behind him in the pulpit, greeted this statement with a roar of laughter. If the South can and do import ministers to defend slavery, is it not because the Theological Seminaries of the North manufacture such, and because the preaching of the North makes converts adapted to be ground into that form when they enter the Theological Seminary? The ministerial tools thus referred to by Mr. Beecher come from his own sect, and from the other sects with which he is ecclesiastically allied. Under that sort of preaching they are converted, and feel a call to leave their previously chosen "secular" occupations and become ministers; by that same sort of preaching they are taught to defend the theological tenets of their sect; and, after being licensed to preach those tenets, if the most attractive "call" comes to them from the South, they go there and defend slavery. Why should they not? The preaching by which they were converted said nothing against it; the prayer-meeting in which they held "sweet communion" with their brethren in the Church followed Professor Stuart's counsel not to pray for the slaves in public, and excluded anti-slavery as detrimental to what they called religion; the creed which they hold, and which they affirm to include all the essential points of Christian character, says nothing against slavery; and some of the most eminent clergymen of their sect not only do not oppose it, but practise and defend it, Mr. Beecher meantime defending *them* as Christian ministers!

Take another illustration.

"Freedom of speech and of the press" is one of the things most boasted of in this country as the right of all men and an eminently distinguishing characteristic of ourselves. Yet the daily and weekly press constantly refuse admission to sentiments at variance with their own, and record, as deserving of no more comment or consideration than the slightest items of local news, instances in which speech or writing against slavery, or even the suspicion of it, are visited with violence and outrage, sometimes extending to murder; and in the very newspapers which record these facts, and suppress the arguments of their rivals, you will find the boast of freedom of speech and of the press as favourably distinguishing this country from monarchical Europe. Even when such violence occurs in a place so public as the Senate Chamber of the United States—to one so eminent in office as a Senator from Massachusetts—to an individual so widely and favourably known, so justly honoured and respected as Charles Sumner—and on no other pretence than words spoken in debate, which were not deemed even out of order by the presiding officer who heard them—half the nation directly or indirectly justify the outrage, and the other half content themselves with *words* of disapproval, taking no measures to obtain reparation for the past or security for the future.

The sectarian theological press (which impudently assumes the title "religious") is equally false to freedom and truth. Its conductors make a great outcry against the restrictions on freedom of speech and of the press in Catholic countries, and raise large sums of money from the credulous people to carry on a proselytism designed to substitute our own system for theirs. Take this specimen of our own system, and see if the change is worth so large an expenditure.

The *New York Observer*, one of the oldest, largest and most widely circulated of our "religious" newspapers, has always held a thoroughly pro-slavery position. It publishes all sorts of fallacies in favour of slavery, circulates all sorts of calumnies against Abolitionists, and excludes from its columns all anti-slavery facts and reasonings.

But within the ten years last past, the facts and ideas circulated by the Abolitionists have so far sprung up and brought forth fruit in the community that a considerable number of men and women, and even some church members, including a small proportion of subscribers to the *Observer*, began to be dissatisfied with the direct and open advocacy of slavery. They had no idea of either commencing or joining a movement *against* slavery, and, far from liking the Abolitionists, they had no objection to any amount of denunciation against them, true or false. On the other hand, their common sense revolted from the assumption that the slave code was *perfectly* coincident with the Sermon on the Mount, and their quiet was disturbed by the successive aggressions of the Slave Power upon the regions previously free. They were willing, as Mr. Beecher said he was, in the lecture above referred to, to acquiesce, without a word of remonstrance, in the indefinite continuance of slavery where it then was, if they could be insured against its further extension; but they didn't like to hear the slave-roll called at the foot of Bunker Hill monument, especially if their own names were to be included in it. To supply the demand created by this class of men (among other reasons) another "religious" newspaper was established, called *The Independent*, which has now attained a very large circulation. Its position relative to slavery and its opposers and defenders is somewhat peculiar. It says nothing in advocacy of slavery, but constantly implies that a Christian may practise and defend it. It says many severe things against slavery, and also against anti-slavery. It

and that he is prepared to go to the very verge of the power conferred by the Constitution upon the Government of the United States to discountenance slavery and confine it to its present limits. They assert, moreover, that he possesses traits of character which eminently fit him for the office to which he has been nominated, and that the fact that he has not been identified with the struggles of the past, instead of affording ground for objecting to his nomination, is a circumstance which will operate greatly in his favour.

Mr. Dayton, the nominee for Vice-President, was formerly a Whig Senator from New Jersey. He voted against the Fugitive Slave law in 1850, and is said to be a man of good abilities and excellent character.

The platform of the party will be found in another column. It fails, of course, to make what we must deem the only vital issue with the Slave Power, but it is, on the whole, less objectionable than we expected it would be.

Sagacious men profess to be very confident that the Republican nominees will be elected. They hope and expect to secure for them all, or nearly all, the electoral votes of the Free States. We shall see.

The Massachusetts delegation to the Convention, on their return from Philadelphia, stopped in this city and visited Col. Frement at his house. In reply to an address from the Hon. T. B. Eliot, of New Bedford, informing him of his nomination, Col, Fremont said:

Gentlemen: It will not be expected of me, I am sure, that a formal response will be made to you at this time. I thank you cordially for your action, and for this kind and unqualified expression of confidence in me. I shall endeavour to deserve it. You have been engaged, gentlemen, in a cause that should draw to its support all the friends of constitutional freedom. I have read the platform which you have adopted, and have examined, with care, the principles it embodies. It is, at this time, like a second Declaration of Independence. I believe in its truth, and can adopt it in all its parts. And it will be my purpose, if the voice of the people shall ratify the nominations which you have made, so to conduct the government that these principles, thus avowed, shall become effective.

The following letter, sent by Col. Fremont to the Committee who solicited his attendance at a recent public meeting on behalf of Kansas, is regarded as an endorsement of the essential principle of the Philadelphia platform:

New York, April 29, 1856.

Gentlemen: I have to thank you for the honour of an invitation to a meeting this evening at the Broadway Tabernacle, and regret that other engagements have interfered to prevent my being present.

I heartily concur in all movements which have for their object to "repair the mischiefs arising from the violation of good faith, in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise." I am opposed to slavery in the abstract, and upon principle sustained and made habitual by long settled convictions. While I feel inflexible in the belief that it ought not to be interfered with where it exists under the shield of State sovereignty, I am as inflexibly opposed to its extension on this continent beyond its present limits.

With the assurance of regard for yourselves,

I am, very respectfully, yours,

J. C. Fremont.

To Messrs. F. D. Morgan and others, Committee, &c.

LINDLEY COATES.

Under our Obituary head this week, a death is recorded which calls for something more than a passing notice. Lindley Coates, of Lancaster Co., Pa., whose decease on the 3d inst. is there announced, was no common man, and his past relations to the cause were such as to make his departure from our midst no ordinary occurrence. He was one of the earliest, ablest and most devoted friends of freedom in the State of Pennsylvania. He aided in forming the Clarkson Anti-Slavery Association before the American Society had an existence, and was an advocate of immediate emancipation when the name of William Lloyd Garrison was comparatively unknown. He was a man of great simplicity of character, and of inflexible moral honesty; and was endowed with a mind of unusual vigour, and the strictest logical accuracy. On all the great questions of the day his views were clear and decided. He was quick to see and prompt to embrace the truth, and few had more skill than he in detecting and exposing the fallacies of error. Though not a man of liberal education, he was moderately well read, and more than commonly well-informed; and although not a fluent speaker, his high order of reasoning powers gave him a strength in debate which made him a formidable opponent and secured for him an enviable distinction among the early champions of the anti-slavery cause. His reputation was not confined to Pennsylvania; he was known and appreciated by the friends of the cause throughout all the country. In 1840, when the New Organization schism took place at New York, he was chosen President of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and filled, creditably and satisfactorily, the duties of that office till, upon his resignation, William Lloyd Garrison, its present incumbent, was appointed to take his place. For the last few years, owing to declining health, he had taken but little part in the anti-slavery conflict; but his heart beat true to the cause. If he were less confident and more apprehensive as to immediate results, it was because disease had impaired his natural hopefulness; his principles had undergone no change, and his faith in their final triumph "knew no shadow of turning." He died as he had lived, a true friend of freedom, and his name will be preserved in the history of the anti-slavery enterprise as one of its ablest and most worthy champions.

The Sentiment of Disunion is rapidly spreading at the North. Many shrewd politicians, who formerly discarded that sentiment as the worst of all political heresies, now confess that disunion is the only effectual remedy for the evils under which the country is suffering. "J. S. P.," the well-known Washington correspondent of *The Tribune*, in one of his recent letters, avows himself personally in favour of a separation between the Free and the Slave States. We give the following extract to show the connection in which this avowal is made.

"The men who are unwilling to expose their precious bodies to personal danger have no business in Congress under existing circumstances. It is no place for those who are constitutionally timid—none at all for men who have an inherent repugnance for peril and personal collisions. All such are in duty bound to stay away and leave the field clear to men of different mettle. All such should be promptly set aside by the Conventions if they themselves do not know enough to keep back. The same qualities are now needed for Congress that are needed for the army. It is fighting men who are wanted in both branches. Not scholars do we require but warriors. The cause of Freedom is languishing for the want of them. The want will be still more felt in the future.

"Personally, *I have no doubt that the Free and Slave States ought to separate, and thus avoid this necessity.* But this idea is not now palatable; and, so far as I know, it is not generally shared by our people. And if they will insist upon preserving the National Union, and sending representatives hither, let them take measures to resist the present determination of the South to quell freedom of speech and freedom of action on the part of these representatives by the only course of action adequate to the emergency.

"Let no one dismiss this suggestion as capricious or inconsiderate. It is founded on the most thoughtful and sober consideration of the subject. The naked and fierce collisions of the Northern and Southern systems of civilization, growing out of the destruction of all the compromises between them, necessitate the condition that the impinging points should be of equal obduracy. To present simply the mental culture and elevated sentiment of the North against the pistol, the bowie-knife and the bludgeon of the South, is to covet disaster and humiliation and subjection, and invite aggression and insult and bloodshed. It is to pit sheep against wolves. It is to set unarmed against armed men in battle. The absurdity of it is clear to every beholder. And while the voice of Humanity and Christianity cry out in horror against the necessity referred to, its recognition must, nevertheless, be accepted and acted upon."

Samuel J. May on the Recent Outrage.—We find the following in the Syracuse *Journal* of Monday last.

"The Rev. S. J. May preached an effective discourse yesterday morning, to an overflowing audience, on the recent outrage in the United States Senate upon the person of Charles Sumner, and the present condition of our country, growing out of the continued and increasing aggressions of the Slave Power. It was a discourse that no brief report could do justice to. It should have been heard by even greater numbers.

"The lying pretext of the cowardly apologists of this sneaking assault upon Free Speech, were fully and completely exposed. Neither did the eloquent preacher forget to warn his hearers what their duty was in view of the effort that is being made to reduce us all to the level of plantation menials. It was distinctly enunciated that if in the present crisis, party ties were not disregarded, the bribes of political emolument spurned, and the North unite as one man to shake off the yoke that is being imposed upon us, the day will quickly pass when it will be possible to disenthrall ourselves by peaceable means.

"Mr. May also paid an eloquent tribute to the virtues and genius of the Hon. Mr. Sumner, his genial and pacific temper, his irreproachable character, his distinguished position in the world of literature, his vast legal acquirements, and his high social position.

"It would be well could this able discourse be spread before the whole community, as through it we should be able more clearly to discern our duty."

Littell's Living Age, No. 632, opens with a very interesting paper, "Characteristics of Goethe," from the *National Review*. "Bond and Free," from *Household Words*, is a capital story. We notice also several fine poems, and the usual variety of short articles.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CXCI.

The Argument.—The Correspondent magnifieth the Anniversary—He laudeth the Slaveholders—And wisheth them a continuation of well-doing—He excuseth himself and cometh down to the present time—He felicitateth the Republicans—And wherefore—He giveth his opinion of Judge McLean and withholdeth it not—He telleth of his antecedents and augureth ill of him—He discourseth ornithologically—He giveth the popular genesis of the McLean nomination—He commenteth on the same—He apologiseth for his politics—He praiseth the Democrats—And telleth of the Kansas Meetings, &c., &c., &c.

Boston, June 21, 1856.

Do you observe my date? And do you recollect the glorious event of which it is the Anniversary? Four years ago, this day, it was that Daniel Webster received his reward at the hands of the Slaveholders for all his suit and service well and truly done towards them. It well deserves to be the longest day of the year (as I believe my Literary Executors will find that I have said before), and I will forgive it for being also the hottest. Many a time have those slavedriving vagabonds done what is well-pleasing to me; but never so virtuously as that day. They have done excellently well towards Van Buren and Cass, and just now to Pierce and Douglas. But these men, none of them, ever had the reputation, the *prestige*, the ability which Mr. Webster, in the despair of his Eleventh Hour, laid at the feet of the King-makers of the Republic. None of them ever brought such a hecatomb of fair reputations and well-reputed respectabilities in his train to lay themselves down in the dirt alongside of him as an offering of propitiation. None of them had conquered so many prejudices and led after the chariot of Slavery, in the Great Triumph of that year, so many Doctors of Divinity who denied the first principles of the Gospel that they might set Slavery above all that was called God, or so many veteran public men in the North who trampled on the fundamental doctrines of the Declaration of Independence, that Mr. Webster might be carried into the White House on the shoulders of Slaves caught in the streets of Boston and New York. Neither Van Buren, nor Cass, nor Pierce, nor Douglas ever persuaded so many men of ordinarily cleanly antecedents to dirty themselves for their benefit. And all for nothing! And, besides, all these men did have Slaveholding votes cast for them; while Webster had not one! Not one! Never did I expect to be in such unity with Slaveholders as I was that day.

"I could have hugged the greasy rogues;
They pleased me!"

On its Anniversary, not Kansas, not Brooks, can provoke me to say a hard word of them. Were it not sinful, I would drink their health in a bumper of Burgundy, wishing them strength to treat every Northern Colossal Doughface just exactly so! Let them shower their favours on the Lilliputians, only.

You will excuse my warmth on this great subject. You know that it always takes me off my feet and carries me away. It is only once a year. And now I will descend to contemporaneities. The Republicans held a great rejoicing over the nomination of Fremont the other night, when the news came. And with great reason. For, whatever cause they may have had for being glad that Colonel Fremont was set up, they certainly had infinite cause of rejoicing that Judge McLean was *not*. For men, most of whom are members of the Vigilance Committee, to be electioneering for a man who was very much more than two single Commissioners—say, Edward G. Loring and George T. Curtis—rolled into one, it must have been rather against the grain. For not only has Judge McLean signed certificates like the lesser men who have made themselves infamous by the service, and actually sent back slaves to their masters, but he has done more to set up Slavery, judicially, than all the Judges that have ever sat on the Bench of the Nation. It would surely have been a wet blanket on that Anti-Slavery enthusiasm which alone can have force enough to carry a party into power in spite of the nine points of actual possession and the tenth point (stronger than all the others put together) of the united influence of the Slaveholders and of the Northern toadeaters. I do not think Col. Fremont's chance of success a very great one—I don't think I would venture more than a bat on it—but I am sure that Judge McLean's would have ensured an ignominious defeat. And this opinion I presume was shared by the majority of the Philadelphia Convention, though they did not care to put their objections on the real ground. A Slave-catching Judge were surely an odd sort of candidate for a party that made any pretence to Anti-Slavery propensities.

And, besides, who could have felt any confidence in his holding troth with the Free States, even if they nominated and elected him? He obtained his present high rank as the reward of helping betray the North to the South, and why should he not try his hand at the same kind of job again? He was Postmaster-General, I daresay you remember, under John Quincy Adams, having, I think, come down to him from Mr. Monroe's Cabinet. When the open attacks and secret intrigues were on foot which resulted in the defeat of Mr. Adams, this Mr. McLean, who sat at Mr. Adams's board, was plotting with his enemies to secure the election of his antagonist, General Jackson. Mr. Clay urged Mr. Adams strongly to dismiss the traitor in the camp. But he refused, on the now happily obsolete theory that an officer of government, doing his duty competently (and Mr. McLean was a very good Postmaster-General), should not be removed on the ground of personal hostility to himself. So he remained in office until Mr. Adams fell, by his helping, and General Jackson signalized his sense of his services by elevating him to the Bench on the very first vacancy that occurred. Who could guarantee his fidelity to the party which he (virtually) asked to nominate him for the Presidency? Who believes that he would not have entered into negotiations with the South, if he thought he saw a chance, by such a course, of obtaining a Second Term? It seems to me that such a victory as his election would have been more damaging than the election of Buchanan himself to political possibilities in any Anti-Slavery direction.

And I am told that this McLean movement was hatched in the nest of the very phœnix of political Anti-Slavery, at Washington! And, moreover, that this same phœnix is trying to do what the proverb tells us none but an ill bird will do, because it could not palm off this ill-favoured fowl on the Philadelphia Convention as the veritable bird of Jove! An Anti-Slavery editor setting up a slave-catching and slavery-ruling Judge as the candidate of a party with Anti-Slavery intentions! Truly, it is not remarkable that this pattern of Anti-Slavery sells well; nor that the editor in question has made a fortune by dealing in the article! I don't believe the Slaveholders have much apprehension of such an enemy as this. In fact, they doubtless regard it as a safety-valve which lets off the steam which more efficient engineers generate and hinders it from doing them a damage. It would not do, I suppose, as children of this world, for the Republicans at Philadelphia to say just what I have said; but I trust that a good many of them felt the monstrous nature of the proposition to nominate Judge McLean. All the weight of his eminent piety as a member of the Methodist Church, joined to all the local influences which could operate in his favour in Ohio and Pennsylvania, could not outbalance the moral disapprobation, not to say detestation, his course on the Bench, since 1850, has excited in all minds, feeling justly on the subject of the Fugitive Slave Bill, which he has both sustained and executed. And on whom have the Republican party to rely unless on such men as these? It would have been a fatal error to have nominated him for the sake of sectional or sectarian influences. At least, this is my opinion. It is a misfortune in this country for a man to be too well known. Judge McLean is altogether too well known. Col. Fremont, on the contrary, seems to me exactly known enough to make an available candidate, if he be pushed with the zeal evinced for General Harrison and for General Taylor. But I am afraid the pocket-nerve of the North cannot be made to thrill in his case as it was in theirs. But we shall see.

I have filled up this letter with politics, I see, or with something like them. But I must do so, or not write at all. Nothing has happened hereabouts to tell you of, of the sort of which I delight to send to you. Ratification Meetings we have had—or rather we have had one and are to have another next Monday. The Democrats, as the gentlemen holding office under government and their friends pleasantly style themselves, ratified a few nights ago, at Faneuil Hall, and expressed the extremest pleasure at the prospect before them. And, considering that this prospect, as for the bulk of them hereabouts, is of an invitation to betake themselves to the post of honour and yield their public stations to the friends either of Mr. Buchanan or of Col. Fremont—I say, considering all this, it looks as if public virtue were not all dead yet in these latitudes. Kansas Meetings have also been held, one of them for the purpose of hearing what Gov. Reeder had to say. They were very numerously attended, and by a class of persons far removed from any suspicion of fanaticism. How far they will help the war there to move on by "its two main nerves, iron and gold"—money and Sharp's rifles—I am not competent to say. Perhaps I may know more the next time I write.

D. Y.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

Philadelphia, June 23d, 1856.

Our city was all bustle and excitement last week, owing to the meeting here of the National Republican Convention. A large number of strangers was present and our hotels were full to overflowing. The Convention was altogether the most respectable and imposing political assembly I ever saw. It was made up of delegates from all the free and a portion of the slave States, and from several of the Territories, and embraced some of the most distinguished and worthy men in public life in the country. It bore but little resemblance, either in the appearance or character of its members or style of its proceedings, to the Conventions which usually assemble for such purposes. The delegates had none of that peculiar look that marks the phiz of the bar-room patriot and professed politician. They were a temperate, intelligent, and well-conducted set of men, without an exception. There was no drinking, no swearing, no betting or loud clamour; nothing, in short, of the rowdyism that invariably marks the character and conduct of other national political assemblies. It was said that in the crowd that flocked to the Convention in Cincinnati when Buchanan was nominated, there were not less than three hundred professed gamblers, and more than as many women of the town, and that as long as it was in session drunkenness and debauchery ran riot throughout the city. In strong contrast to this were the character and behaviour of the people who attended the Convention held here last week. The delegates were men of elevated morality and Christian breeding, and their proceedings, so far from being demoralizing, were, in a high degree, conducive to the advancement of public and private virtue. The Convention was, in fact, an anti-slavery Convention—that is, so far as it is possible for such a body to be anti-slavery—and its most influential members were anti-slavery men. Everybody seemed to feel that slavery was the great question at issue, and all the speeches that were made had that subject for their topic. It is true, disclaimers were made of any hostile intentions towards slavery in the States, and frequent professions were made of devotion to the Union; but these disclaimers elicited little or no response. The most popular speeches were those which abounded in the strongest anti-slavery utterances, and the most radical sentiments were the ones which drew forth the loudest applause. Even the conservative and timid seemed to catch the prevailing spirit, and to fall naturally into the use of language habitual only to Abolitionists. Robert Emmet, Esq., of New York, the temporary chairman and an Old Democratic politician, in an introductory speech which was meant to be cautious and guarded, found himself inveighing, before he seemed to know it, against the evils of the slave system, and he caused a good deal of amusement by suddenly checking himself, and admonishing the Convention not to allow itself to become excited. There is a distinction to be observed, he said, between the moral and political aspects of slavery, he wished it to be remembered that it was only in the latter regard that they were called upon here to consider it. James Watson Webb, the old enemy of the Abolitionists, seemed to have undergone quite a transformation of character, and talked about "anti-slavery" and "pro-slavery" with all the glibness of an old Garrisonian. By the way, I was much amused to see the embarrassment into which, for a moment, the Colonel was thrown while making a speech by an unexpected answer to one of his rhetorical interrogatories. He had been advising slowness and deliberation in the choice of their nominee; "did not," he said, "our revolutionary fathers deliberate for weeks before conferring the chief command of the army upon Colonel Washington? And were we wiser and better than the men who laid the foundations of our Republic?" "Yes, *sir*," responded Young America, in tones loud and emphatic; much to the amusement of the people. The orator was non-plussed. Recovering himself, he said, "I envy not the complacency of the man who can hug himself with a sense of superiority to the great and glorious worthies who founded our Government." But the people were only the more amused at the speaker's confusion and the literalness with which he accepted the reply of the waggish respondent. In justice to Colonel Webb, however, it must be said, that though an advocate of deliberation, he counseled no timid measures. He seemed to sympathize with the younger portion of the Convention and to be ready to act with the most energetic.

The Convention was made up, as all such bodies are, of two classes: the conservative and the progressive. The latter was largely in the majority, and their choice for the Presidency was Colonel Fremont. The former were chiefly compased of delegates from Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Ohio, and the man of their preference was Judge McLean. The objections to Fremont were that he was young and inexperienced in civil affairs, and that in all probability he could not command the vote of Pennsylvania, which all conceded was a *sine qua non* of success. The objections to McLean on the other hand were, that he was an old man, an antiquated politician, and accustomed to look at slavery as it is seen from the Supreme Bench and through a city of Washington atmosphere, and that, therefore, he was not the man for the crisis, nor would his name inspire the enthusiasm which was necessary to conduct the canvass to a successful issue. As a general thing those who cared least for anti-slavery and were most concerned about other interests were for McLean, while those who regarded and wished to treat slavery as the only question at issue seemed to be with great unanimity for Fremont. What it was and is in Mr. Fremont that commands such enthusiastic support, I have not heard exactly stated; but it seems to be a combination of qualities, the principal of which is a generous liberality of sentiment on the subject of slavery and a high-toned personal courage. The records of the Senate, during the short time he was a member of that body, show nothing in his favour as an anti-slavery man, nor is there anything in any of his public acts that can be referred to as entitling him to confidence on that question; still, his privately expressed sentiments, the assurances of his friends who know him best, his alleged part in making California a free State and his recent published letters on the Kansas question, have been deemed sufficient vouchers for his fitness for the position which has been assigned him. The same recommendations, however, I am satisfied would entitle no other man to an equal amount of confidence and cordiality of support. It is the prestige, doubtless, given him by his heroic feats as an explorer and pioneer that inspires this enthusiasm. In the history of his daring adventures in the mountain passes with wild men and wild beasts, the people think they have an assurance of a man with the capacity and nerve for a Presidential leader in the coming crisis. It seems to be the instinct of the people rather than any logical deduction on their part, that leads them to the selection of Colonel Fremont as their standard-bearer, and instinct you know is a great matter. Public affairs have reached a conjuncture when manly boldness and personal intrepidity are considered to constitute the first requisites of statesmanship, requisites without which no man, whatever may be his qualifications in other respects, is deemed fit for a responsible executive office.

The Convention completed their ticket by nominating William L. Dayton, of New Jersey, for the Vice-Presidency. Mr. Dayton is what is called an Old Line Whig, and has always had the reputation of being strongly anti-slavery. He lost his seat in the Senate by opposing the Fugitive Slave law and the Compromise bill of 1850. His nomination has proved very acceptable to that class of delegates who had predilections for McLean and has had some effect in consoling them for their disappointment. Thadeus Stevens, who had threatened the loss of the State by fifty thousand majority unless McLean were accepted, still looked solemn and impracticable; but old Governor Whitner declared, in honest Dutch accent, his purpose to work for the ticket with all zeal and hopefulness. "So help me Got," said he, with emphasis, quoting from his famous message, "*I never will bow te knee to te tark spirit of slafery.*"

There were many good speeches made at the Convention, and at the mass meetings held during the intervals. The best one I listened to was delivered during the first day's proceedings by Lovejoy, of Illinois, the brother of the martyr. He took high ground and declared himself an out and out Abolitionist. He trusted the Convention would not be frightened at that word. He might say to them what he had said at a Convention in Illinois—that they need not put it (Abolition) in their platform, but that they would take it in the natural way and be broke out all over before the campaign was concluded. This sally, with others of the same kind, was received with shouts of applause.

Altogether the Convention was an exceedingly interesting one, and, as you will have gathered from the tone of my letter, I was greatly pleased with it. I never was at a gathering of the kind before where I saw so much to approve and so little to condemn. It evinced a state of feeling on the part of the Northern States truly hopeful and strongly significant of a still better state of things a coming.

Our voting friends think that they can elect their ticket. Perhaps they can. Their prospect seems not unfavourable. They say it would be a great step towards the ulterior object of Abolition. Perhaps it would. They moreover say that that work can gradually be accomplished by the machinery of the Federal Government and under the Constitution. That I don't believe, but I am willing that they should try it. I hope they may elect their man, if it should be for nothing else but to try the experiment. I can't help them by my vote, as it would not comport with my views of consistency and duty to give a pledge of loyalty to a compact which I regard as iniquitous, and which I daily and habitually set at naught; but I nevertheless wish them success. I still believe that there can be no exodus for the American slave, except over the ruins of the American Union, but as long as there are many honest and wise men of a different opinion, I should like to see the experiment tried, and, therefore, I trust that by the election of Fremont and Dayton an opportunity may be offered for making it.

M.

Millard Fillmore arrived at this port from Europe, on Saturday evening last, in the Atlantic. His political partisans went through the farce of giving him a public reception, but it was a dull and spiritless affair. He had, before his arrival, accepted the Know-Nothing nomination for the Presidency and put himself anew on the platform of pro-slavery servility. His prospects, however, are so utterly desperate, that many believe he will withdraw from the field. It is rumored that he will retire with a recommendation to his followers to go over to Buchanan.

Triumph of School Rights in Boston.—The proceedings of the public meeting held in Boston, Dec. 17, 1855, to present a testimonial to William C. Nell for his untiring exertions in procuring the opening of the public schools of Boston to coloured children, have been published in a neat pamphlet of 24 pages. It contains the speeches made on the occasion by John T. Hilton, W. C. Nell, C. W. Slack, Wendell Phillips, W. L. Garrison and C. L. Remond. It may be had at this office, price 10 cents.

Hon. Anson Burlingame, the youngest member of the House from Massachusetts, made a bold and eloquent speech, on Monday last, in vindication of Massachusetts from the assaults of the slaveholders and their tools. His defiant tone caused a good deal of fluttering among the Border Ruffian gentry. Keitt, of South Carolina, has advertised an intention to reply, and evidently wishes to provoke a challenge.

The Panorama of Life and Literature (No. 13) for July contains the usual variety of matter—essays, reviews, tales, poetry, &c.—selected with rare judgment from current English and American periodicals. Boston: Littell, Son & Co. Monthly—144 pp.—$3 per annum.

Hon. Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana, made a capital speech in the House, on Monday, in opposition to the Border Ruffian laws of Kansas. He held up those laws to deserved execration, and we understand the speech is to be issued as a document for general circulation.

Portrait of Sumner.—C. B. Brainard, of Boston, has issued a new and exceedingly life-like portrait of Mr. Sumner, which may be obtained at this office; price $1. The likeness could not well be more striking, while, as a work of art, the picture is a credit to the engraver's skill.

Summary.

The Syracuse *Journal* intimates that Miss Sarah Pellett, is to take the stump for the Republican nominees.

Democracy and the Price of Negroes.—Gov. Wise, in his speech at the Democratic ratification meeting in Richmond, said that the election of Buchanan would enhance the price of niggers from $1,000 to $5,000! What an argument to the chivalry! What an argument to the North!—*Prov. Journal.*

"If the Senator from Massachusetts were here I would make him hang his head with shame."—*Butler's Speech.*

'T would be more characteristic of the Butler race, to make an opponent hang his head with a club.—*Man. American.*

John Van Buren's sudden devotion to Southern men and Southern rights is explained by his approaching marriage with a young lady recently returned from Europe, and now in this city—the only child of a wealthy Senator of South Carolina, lately deceased. John will thus become a large slaveholder.—*N. Y. Herald.*

What Can be Done With Brooks.—The House Committee have power to report either in favour of the expulsion of Mr. Brooks, or of putting him in custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms for the remainder of the session. The former, however, requires a two-third vote of the House, while the latter, it is said, can be done by a majority.—*Bost. Trans.*

Woman's Rights in the Sandwich Islands.—The married ladies of Honolulu have petitioned for the suppression of the theatres and circuses on the ground that they keep their husbands out late at nights. They should do as the ladies do in this part of the world, make their homes so agreeable that their husbands have no desire to go elsewhere.—*Providence Journal.*

Four canes have already been subscribed for in South Carolina and Virginia to present to Col. Brooks, of the House of Representatives. On the first one, it is said, was engraved the words, "Hit him again," and on the last, for which fifty dollars was raised at a meeting in Clinton, S. C., is to be engraved, "The knock down argument."

Cincinnati, June 4, 1856.—Thomas D'Arcy McGee has written a letter to the President of the Convention, demanding the expulsion of the murderer, Herbert, of California, who is one of the delegates. No notice has been taken of it."—*Cor. Tribune.*

Certainly not. For why should a political Convention put a black mark on a man whom the majority in Congress recognise as a gentleman?—*Albany Evening Journal.*

Rev. T. W. Higginson, of this city, who has been spending the last eight months in the Azores, for the benefit of the health of a member of his family, arrived in Boston on the 7th inst., and is expected in town to-day. His numerous friends here will rejoice to welcome him, and in the stirring events of the times Mr. H. will find ample scope for the exercise of his fine talents and undaunted courage.—*Worcester Spy, 10th.*

"Selling Slaves."—A copy of the San Francisco *Herald* of March 15th is before us, which has among its marine intelligence an item that at Callao, February 11th, the ship Revere, Bird, was discharging ice; the T. B. Wales, Howland, was discharging coals, and the ship Westward Ho, Hussey, was "*selling slaves!*" This ship we believe is owned in Boston, and some of our insurance companies have refused to insure her, as the Presidents of the offices long ago decided that she was engaged in an unlawful traffic.

Finding the Horse, but Leaving the Slave.—*Philadelphia, Thursday, June 19, 1856.*—A day or two since, a negro escaped from Maryland, and, to aid him in his flight, he took a young horse belonging to his master. He was captured in this city, to-day; but the officer found it impossible to detain both the horse and man—so he kept the horse, and let the man go. A reward of $300 was offered for the man—a "liberal reward" for the horse. The fugitive is probably ere this on the Underground Railroad.—*Cor. N. Y. Daily Times.*

The True Force.—There are two kinds of weapons. We have Paixhan guns, Minie rifles, and Sharpe's rifles; but there is one thing that shoots further than all these. It is a shot from the type battery. It goes around the world; it circles cities and threads plains; it wends its way through woods; it rattles in the rigging of the ship on the most distant seas; it is never spent when aimed high, but ricochets, striking with fresh force every form of evil, dishonour, and oppression.—*Fry.*

A convenient scorn is that which the Democrats of Massachusetts feel in regard to the outrage in the Senate Chamber. As appears by their resolutions, at Faneuil Hall, they look with scorn upon the attempts which have been made to throw odium upon the Democratic party on account of the assault which every Democrat in the House of Representatives, but five, endorsed indirectly by his vote; but they have no scorn for the outrage itself, and no indignation at the insult upon the State, and the assault upon the freedom of speech.—*Providence Journal.*

God Bless the Women!—The Worcester *Transcript* learns that Ex-Mayor Knowlton's daughters are *personally* soliciting subscriptions from the *Ladies* of Worcester, in aid of the glorious cause of Kansas. The horrible outrages that have been perpetrated in Kansas have deeply moved the *women* everywhere. We have accounts of several cases in this city, where men, heretofore counted as "respectable but incorrigible bunkers" on the Slavery question, have lately given way to the roused feelings and earnest appeals of the "women at home," and taken ground publicly against the Ruffian Slave Power. God bless the true-hearted women!—*Boston Telegraph.*

Pretty Good.—Said one of our speakers the other evening, the old liners were very much disturbed because our preachers will persist in preaching politics. Why, says he, whenever they reason of *righteousness*, the old liners set it down that they are preaching against slavery, and in favour of the Missouri Compromise. Whenever they reason of *temperance* they think they are preaching in favour of the prohibitory liquor law. And whenever they reason in favour of a judgment to come, they are keen to swear the preacher is talking about the October election. And thus that beautiful and sublime discourse of Paul before Felix is entirely tabooed.—*Tribune.*

Premium of One Hundred Dollars.—In behalf of the Fourth Congregational Church of Hartford, Conn., the undersigned would offer a premium of one hundred dollars for the best tract not exceeding eight pages in length on the subject of slavery, suitable to be published by the American Tract Society according to the first article of its Constitution. The Committee of Award will be the Rev. Joel Hawes, D.D., Rev. Robert Turnbull, D.D., both of Hartford Conn., and Hon. Joseph C. Hornblower, LL.D., of Newark, N. J. Manuscripts (post paid) may be sent to the subscriber in Hartford, with a sealed envelope, enclosing the name of the author, until the first day of September, 1856.

Wm. W. Patton.

N. B.—All religious newspapers are desired to copy this announcement and thus aid the object.

Chivalry.—There are some curious facts in chivalry. No man has been more open or plainer in his denunciation of the aggressions of slavery than Senator Wade of Ohio. Nothing that Mr. Sumner has ever said has approached the language of Mr. Wade. Mr. Wade holds himself responsible to the laws of duelling. He is a dead shot with a rifle. *He has never been challenged.* Mr. Wilson, who, it was known, would not offend the public sentiment of Massachusetts by fighting a duel, was challenged. He replied that he would not fight a duel on account of words spoken in debate, but that he reiterated the offensive expressions, that he would repeat them whenever he deemed it proper, and that if he was assaulted he would defend himself. He was known to be prepared for an assault. *He's never been assaulted.* These are simple facts. We do not pretend to explain them.—*Providence Journal.*

Kneading the Dough.—The Washington correspondent of *The Times*, under date of June 20th, says: "A few Southerners held a meeting here last night, to take into consideration the formation of a Commercial Association, the Constitution of which is to require members to pledge themselves to give the preference, in the bestowal of their business patronage, to those at the North who respect the sacred rights guaranteed to the South by the Constitution and laws of the United States, and, as far as practicable, to withhold their patronage from Abolitionists as enemies to the best interests of our common country. It is proposed to establish a business office in New York before the commencement of the Fall trade, the agent to take such measures as will effect the objects proposed. The publication of a periodical is likewise contemplated. Circulars will soon be sent throughout the South inviting the co-operation of Planters and business men. The subject will be brought before the Southern Commercial Convention, to be held in Savannah in December next. The programme has been submitted to various members of Congress, both Northern and Southern, for their consideration."

Death of a Slave from Cruel Treatment.—We regret having to record one of those cases which show to what a depth of depravity and brutal conduct human nature sometimes reaches. It is the death of a slave boy, Charley, aged about 14 years, from the cruel treatment of his mistress, Elizabeth Ward or Woods. The considerations that the victim was but a boy, and helpless from his position, and the torturer a woman, heighten the enormity of the crime. In contrast, also, to the almost invariable kind treatment which coloured children receive, it appears unusually criminal.

The boy was discovered the 15th ult. in a house on St. Peter street, tied up in a cruel manner, and looking almost starved; he was at once conveyed to the jail, every attendance given him, but he was too severely injured, and expired yesterday. The examination of the body showed his back dreadfully excoriated, the wrists cut deeply with the cords, one or two ribs broken, and an abscess in the right side. The result of the Coroner's inquest and investigation was the following verdict:

"After a post mortem examination, the Jurors do say that he came to his death from injuries inflicted by, and the cruel and inhuman conduct of, Elizabeth Ward, alias Mrs. Woods, to whom he belonged, at different times, in the house No. 250 St. Peter street, Second District."—*N. O. Delta, June 13.*

The Black Soldier at the Palace.—A few days ago, Marshal Bosquet made his appearance at the palace of St. Cloud with two men, for whom he claimed the honour of a presentation to the Emperor. One was a tall, thin, African soldier, an Algierian subject of France, who was singularly maimed during the siege of Sebastopol. A bomb fell in the trenches where this man was at work, and where, if it had exploded, many men must have been killed or wounded. The man rushed to the bomb, seized it, and had already raised it high above his head to throw it out of the trench, when it exploded and carried away both of his arms, without doing him other serious injury.

The other man was a soldier of the line, a little Breton, who, like the jackal and the lion, had attached himself to the person of the tall African by pure affection, and served him as a servant of all work. His life had been saved by the African in raising the bomb, and by a sudden inspiration he declared that his life should be devoted to him who had saved it. Thus he dresses and undresses him, feeds, shaves and combs him, and in short serves him as a pair of hands.

The object of the visit was to obtain the discharge of the little Breton from the service, in order that he might accompany to his home in Africa the wounded soldier. They were presented first to the Emperor, who subsequently conducted them to the Empress, and both their Majesties exhibited a lively interest in this strange couple. Of course the request of Marshal Bosquet was granted, and the soldiers left the palace much richer than they entered it.—*Paris Cor. N. Y. Times.*

A Tale of Horror.—We heard a flying report some three weeks ago, that several Indians had been murdered at the Cascades, but we forebore to say anything about it until we should learn the particulars. We have since learned the particulars, and with a face crimsoned with shame for the human kind, we proceed to lay them before the public. The Indians murdered consisted of the family of Spencer, a chief who resides in Vancouver, and was made up of his father, an old gray-headed Indian, his (Spencer's) wife, and four children—a daughter nearly grown, and three younger sons, one of which was a sucking babe. The Indians had been up to the Dalles, in the service of the United States Government, and were on their way back to Vancouver, under charge of Col. Joseph Meek, and having regular passes about their persons. In making the portage at the Cascades, it seems that they were overtaken by seven men (if such they might be called), and forcibly taken from Col. Meek, whose life they threatened, and one after the other was murdered by means of a strong cord, which was tied around the neck and twisted with a stick till life was extinct. The girl was violated by these fiends before her life was taken. The annals of Indian barbarism furnish no instance of cold-blooded, diabolical, cowardly villainy, that can much transcend this act, which has stamped the character of our territory with a foul blot, which will stick to it long after the perpetrators of that act and those who countenance it, are dead and damned. A few more such acts as this, and Oregon will be a by-word and a hissing among the civilized nations of the earth.—*Portland (Oregon) Argus.*

Mrs. Fremont.—This lady, it is not necessary to inform our readers, is the daughter of Colonel Benton, of Missouri, and is one of the best educated and most accomplished of American women. The Boston *Chronicle* relates the following anecdote concerning her:

During the protracted struggle which resulted in the election of Mr. Banks to the Speakership, there happened to be fellow-passengers in a crowded car, between Washington and Baltimore, a Bostonian, as remarkable as any other in this city for his subserviency to the slaveholders, and a lady, admired beyond most others in Washington society for the brilliancy of her wit and the intelligent interest which she takes in public affairs. The conversation, of which she was the centre, turning on the great contest in the House, she expressed her decided sympathy for the Republican side, exulted in its prospect of success, and complimented Mr. Banks in the highest terms. This was too much for the Bostonian, who expressed his surprise that a Southern lady should countenance such a demagogue as Banks, and such an enemy to Southern institutions. The lady replied, "I can relieve your surprise in regard to myself, sir, for my husband, Col. Fremont, is a Free Soiler; but let me express my surprise, that you, sir, a Northerner and a Bostonian, should oppose Mr. Banks in behalf of Southern institutions!" As the Bostonian who met with this terrible rebuke was candid enough to tell the story on his return, we forbear to give his name, in the hope that it has made him a wiser and better man.

Experiences of Travel.—*Washington, June 8,* 1856.—I have busied myself this morning about the different hotels listening to the delectable conversations going on among the "Chivalry," who are decidedly in the majority here. It is easy discovering them. You have only to direct yourself to the group whence issues the most profanity and expectoration, and you have them. One fellow was relating how he had seen "three canes that had been sent to Brooks—*in the rough and full of knots*, by G—d—one for each—Wilson, Wade and Seward." To hear them talk would give you a strong idea of the depths to which we are descending—until the settling day comes. They blind themselves with the idea that the North, with the exception of the "fanatics," are approving of the Brooks affair. At present the chivalry seem to be full of exultation, and do really seem to believe, that Brooks did something *patriotic* (Hail Columbia). One Southern "gentleman" made the remark, in my hearing, that "He'd be d—d to h—l if he did n't believe that Black Republicanism was on the increase. Look at the election of that son of a b—h Dixon, in the place of the noble Toucy!" I met the "venerable" Butler, &c., yesterday. He gave me a regular "Pl

Miscellaneous Department.

BOOK-CRAFT.

FROM "SALAD FOR THE SOCIAL."

"Mightiest of the mighty means,
On which the arm of Progress leans—
Man's noblest mission to advance,
His woes assuage, his weal enhance,
His rights enforce, his wrongs redress—
Mightiest of the mighty is the Press!"—BOWRING.

"Books are spectacles with which to read nature. They teach us to understand and feel what we see, to decipher and syllable the hieroglyphics of the senses."—DRYDEN.

Books are an essential element of our social economy. The best minds of every age are trained by

"Those dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns."

From Books they receive most of their culture; and by them are disciplined in youth, stimulated in manhood, and solaced in age. "When I am reading a book," said Swift, "whether wise or silly, it seems to me to be alive or talking to me." Such is the feeling of every student who appreciates the author he reads.

"There are those who desire a book as a living companion of the mind; and to such, a good work is society to his loneliness—a balm to his troubles—a friend to the friendless—wealth to the poor, and, moreover, can keep the mind in action, though the body dies. It was Plato who went to play when he was elected to the consulship, but the evening before he died, he read. Mind lives by mind as it has been developed and preserved; and man, by this medium, has shown himself in action like an angel, in words like a god. Take this from him and he is nothing." *

"In books we have friends for every mood—comforters for every sorrow; a glorious company of immortals, scattering their sweet influences on the worn and beaten paths of our daily life. Shapes 'that haunt thought's wilderness' are around us, in toil, and suffering, and joy: mitigating labour, soothing care, giving a keener relish to delight; touching the heroic string in our nature with a noble sentiment; kindling our hearts, lifting our imaginations, and hovering alike over the couch of health and the sick pillow, to bless and cheer, and animate and console."

Book-making, once a science, acquired by long laborious toil, has, by the appliances of modern machinery, become a mercantile pursuit of almost unlimited extent. In olden times, the *stylus* and parchment were the mechanical essentials of a book, and years were often devoted to its production; now, by the magic of metal type and the steam-press, volumes are multiplied almost by the hour. Formerly, a book, both as to its mind and mechanism, was the sole work of the monk or scribe; now, there is a division of labour—the author writes it, the steam-press prints it, and the publisher is its purveyor to the public.

By this expedient, the universal diffusion of knowledge has been promoted, and each department of the labour been rendered more perfect. But for this, the light of learning would not have been reflected from the luminous page, while the Cimmerean gloom of the "dark ages" would have still cast deep shadows over the nations.

"The PEN and the PRESS, bless'd alliance! combined
To soften the heart and enlighten the mind;
For *that* to the treasure of knowledge gave birth,
And *this* sent them forth to the ends of the earth;
Their battles for truth were triumphant, indeed,
And the rod of the tyrant was snapped like a reed.
They were made to exalt us, to teach us, to bless,
Those invincible brothers—the PEN and the PRESS."†

A book has been curiously defined, "brain preserved in ink," and when there is plenty of the fruit, it is a conserve to tempt the most capricious palate. In ancient times, books were written on the bark of trees; hence the Latin word *liber*, from which we derive our English term "library." "Book" is from the Saxon, "*boc*," a beech-tree.

A table made from the main body of a tree was called *codex* or *caudex*. Scipio Maffei distinguishes square and round books by the terms *codex* and *liber*, respectively. It is doubtful whether barks or stones were first written on; although the Decalogue, the first writing of which we have any authentic account, was on the latter. The leaves of plants were long used for writing on—chiefly those of the palm, papyrus,‡ tiles, etc. Leather, and goat-skins were used by the Egyptians. "Plates of copper and lead were also used in the East. According to Josephus, the children of Seth wrote their inventions in Astronomy, etc., on stone pillars. Hesiod's works were first written on tables of lead—Solon's laws on wooden planks. The wood was sometimes covered with wax, so that the writing could be easily effaced. Pliny thinks that writing on lead succeeded that on barks.

The term "volume" is from *volvo*, to roll, the earlier manuscripts being in the form of a scroll or roll.

The Chinese manufacture paper of linen, the fibres of the young bamboo—of the mulberry; the envelope of the silk-worm—of a native tree called *chu* or *ko-chu*—but especially of cotton. They were in possession of the art long before it was known in Europe; and, as Mecca was a sort of depôt for the fabrics of China, it is by some very reasonably supposed, that the paper was brought from that country. Whatever might have been its origin, the art was undoubtedly employed and improved by the Arabs, who, in their career of conquest, carried it into Spain, about the beginning of the tenth century. Other accounts ascribe the invention of cotton paper to Greece; indeed, not only its origin, but the various improvements in its manufacture, and the different substitutions of new materials have long been the subject of controversy.

Cotton paper was called *charta bombycina*: it was very white and strong, but not equal to that in which linen is a constituent.

With regard to linen paper, authorities differ widely. By some accounts, its manufacture was not introduced into Europe until the latter part of the fourteenth century, a mill having been, in 1390, established at Nuremberg. In 1366, however, the Republic of Venice granted a patent to the town of Treviso, for the exclusive manufacture of linen paper; and it is also stated, that the Arabs, when in Spain, on account of the scarcity of cotton, and the abundance of flax and hemp, substituted the latter material in its preparation. Their first manufactories were at Xativa, now San Felipe.

Forty years ago, three men, by handwork, could scarcely manufacture 4,000 small sheets of paper a day, while now they can produce 60,000 in the same time. It has been calculated, that if the paper produced yearly by six machines could be put together, the sheet would encircle the world.

Nowhere is paper so much used as in the United States. In France, with 35,000,000 of inhabitants, only 70,000 tons are produced yearly, of which one-seventh is for exportation. In England, with 28,000,000 of inhabitants, 66,000 tons are produced; while in this country the amount is nearly as great as in France and England together.

A large proportion of this consumption of paper is directed to the 2,000 newspapers which are incessantly springing up in all sections of this country—some to flourish, but more born but to die, and make room for the succession.

When first the art of printing was discovered, only one side of a page was impressed: the printers had not yet found out the expedient of impressing the other. When the editions were intended to be curious, they omitted to print the first letter of a chapter, for which they left a blank space, that it might be painted or illuminated, at the option of the purchaser. Several ancient volumes of these early times have been found, where these letters are wanting, as they neglected to have them painted. It was the glory of the learned, when the art was first established, to be correctors of the press, to the eminent printers. Physicians, lawyers, and bishops, as well as authors, occupied this department. The printers, then, added frequently to their names those of the correctors of the press; and editions were valued according to the abilities of the corrector.

About the close of the fourteenth century, the world was blessed with the invention of this art. Three German cities—Haarlem, Mentz, and Strasburg—claim, each one, the honour of having been the place of the original discovery, but the evidence rather inclines to favour the claims of Mentz; for, at this city, either by John Guttenberg or Peter Schoeffer, in the year 1440, were invented movable types, the first book printed was the Bible, and that in the year 1450, though some authorities declare that the Latin Bible, or Vulgate, was first printed on the Continent, in 1462. Lawrence I. Coster, of Haarlem, discovered the art of impressing characters on paper, by means of wooden blocks, in the year 1430; and we may here remark that the ground of doubt between Guttenberg and Shoeffer seems to be an opinion pretty well authenticated, that the types of the former were of wood—those of the latter of metal; and that while the invention of the one happened in the year 1440, that of the other was consummated at some time during the following ten years.

John Faust, or Fust, was only concerned as a patron of Schoeffer, but as such he was sincere and energetic. Some writers declare that Fust went to Paris, carrying with him for sale a number of printed Bibles. That the similarity of all these books caused the French to distrust him as a conjuror. That at first they threatened to indite him, and thus extorted the secret. And they add that from this affair, the popular story of Dr. Faustus took its rise. This, however, is false. Haywood tells us (see "Goethe's Faust") that "Johann" (or John) "Faust" (or Faustus—that is, the conjuror) "was born at Kunkliagen, within the territory of Würtemberg, of parents "*love of stock*" (as Marlow expresses it), some time towards the fifteenth century. He must not be confounded with Faust (or Fust) the printer, who flourished more than half a century before."

To the German Triumvirate belongs the honour of having been the first to employ movable types, matrices, and punching in printing.

Trithemius, a contemporary, ascribes the invention of movable types jointly to Guttenberg and Faust, and an ancient chronicle at Cologne notes that, after ten years' preparation, the art of printing began to be practised in the year 1450. The former authority further states that the parties expended in the printing of the first twelve sheets of the Bible, 4,000 florins. The Bible in question is the Latin Vulgate, commonly known by the name of the Mazarin Bible, from a copy of it having been discovered, in the middle of the last century, in the *Bibliotheque Mazarine*.*

* In Temperley's amusing volume on "Printers and Printing," it is stated that John Muller (surnamed Regiomotanus), who died at Rome, in the year 1476, was for some time suspected of being the inventor of printing.

* Henry Giles. † J. C. Prince.

‡ The invention of parchment is ascribed to Eumenes, who reigned more than two thousand years ago. He was the founder of an extensive library, into which the new manufacture was largely introduced. Parchment volumes were commonly rolled on a round stick, with a ball at each end, and the composition began at the centre. These were called volumes, and the outsides were inscribed just as we now letter books. The Greek MSS., in Herculaneum, consist of papyrus, rolled, charred, and matted together by the fire; are about nine inches long, and one, two, or three inches in diameter, each being a volume or separate treatise.

Cotton and silk paper were in use at an early period, but linen rags were not used till A.D. 1200. This invention has been placed earlier by some good authorities, but it would appear that they have confounded the cotton with the linen paper. The first paper-mill was erected in England, towards the end of the sixteenth century.

A LESSON FOR THE DAY.

EXTRACTS FROM A SERMON BY REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

* * * * For the past generation, those who have given their attention to this institution of Slavery, who have studied its character, and watched its course, saw, with the utmost clearness, the fruit that must inevitably come from such a tree; knowing what it was, they knew what it must plan, and purpose, and do. The signs of the future were written all over it. Destiny stared in its every feature. The very idea of it was big with portents. They perceived and they predicted that everything would follow which has come already to pass. They were sure that it must follow, as an organic necessity. They saw that slavery, in its very root, involved the destruction of all human rights, and the degradation of all human nature; that it demanded the suppression of the slave's moral and intellectual being, the extinction of his will, the brutalizing of his desires, the withholding of all instruction and enlightenment from him; that in the common slaveholder it developed, where it did not engender, pride, lust, violence, lawlessness, contempt of authority, indifference to the suffering and misery of dependents, an inordinate selfishness, and a profound, though latent and disguised, inhumanity. They saw that it made light of the natural affections, disregarding entirely the original and divine institution of the family, and keeping filial and parental feelings down, that it might the more easily tear husband and wife asunder, and separate the mother from her child. They saw that slavery, being a radical violation of all primeval rights, was a perpetual violation of all recognised law; that it sustained itself by barbarous statutes, to be enforced by inhuman penalties. They saw—these quiet lookers on, reasoning upon first principles—that where this institution was, there could be no true religion, no vital Christianity, no free Bible, no generous moral teaching, no love of God, no love of man, no justice, no fraternity; that the fundamental truth of all religion, this, namely, that man is made in the image of God, must be denied; that the Golden Rule must be repudiated, and the Sermon on the Mount turned into derision. These were signs visible enough to all who had eyes to see them, and suggestive enough to all who had minds to comprehend. And yet these were not all. For the last thirty years, we have been constantly shocked by tales of bloody horror, suicides, infanticides, huntings, scourgings to death, burnings, orgies of devilish lust. We have become familiar with bowie-knives, and bloodhounds, with pistols and halters, with riots and mob executions, with alarm-bells, patrols, duels, assassinations in the street, auctions-sales of women and children, and other nameless abominations, the lawful offspring of the institution. Men and women, braving horrible deaths to escape from the house of bondage, have melted our hearts by their piteous tale. Is it strange that people, noting these signs, should have predicted anarchy and civil war? Did it require any supernatural foresight to announce that instincts like these would be insatiable as the grave after the food on which they live? Yet, to these ominous and fatal indications none, save a very few thoughtful and observant men, gave heed. Most could not, or would not, see the danger. They ignored the facts, they denied the evidence, they would not give themselves the trouble to investigate the principle. They turned with savage wrath upon the warning prophets, and persecuted them to the death. But the blood of the prophets did not quench that baleful star, whose ghastly light was upon the land.

* * * * * *

The past week has brought tidings of unprovoked invasion, pillage and massacre, the attack of a peaceful town, the dispersion of a happy community, the destruction of dwellings, the murder of men in cold blood, the proclamation of civil war by a party of insurgent ruffians. A Senator of the United States, a gentleman, a scholar, a man of the utmost purity of life, of the most unblemished public honour; a man of true chivalry, whose soul was always bright with elevated thought, whose heart was a little child, is struck down, unarmed, unprotected, trammelled, tied—is struck down by brutal blows, dealt upon him without so much warning as is given by the rattlesnake; is struck down, insensible and virtually dead, in the very Senate Chamber, and with Senators looking on, because he undertook to brand, as it deserved, these last outrages of the Slave Power. Here is the latest dread sign. I do not wish to dwell upon it, to expatiate upon it, to draw out all its harrowing accompaniments; I will not even enter upon the crowd of thought suggested by the time, the place, the mode, the persons, the antecedents, the surroundings. My aim is most simple. It is to point out the real significance of this sign. It is the sign of no partial, transient, sudden or accidental movement. It points to no superficial evil, like the infringement of congressional rules, the violation of senatorial dignity, brutal and brutalizing manners in public men. It indicates the character of the Slave Power. It points with finger of iron at the inherent qualities of the slave system; at its inhumanity, its indecency, its essential bestiality, and says to us: "Look at it. There is the original and efficient cause of these glaring atrocities. Slavery, the institution of slavery, the ground principle upon which slavery rests, the radical falsehood and sin of which slavery is begotten, these, and these only, are at last responsible for the insults and crimes we behold. To destroy the berry, you must eradicate the tree."

* * * * * *

If it is right to beat and brutalize the black man, why is it not right to beat and brutalize the white man? If it is right to suppress free thought, free speech, and free will in the African, why not in the Saxon, too? By making this case of Mr. Sumner a peculiar one, let us beware, lest we confess our own lurking inhumanity and conventional respect for persons. Mr. Sumner was, first of all, a *man*, a *man* before a *white* man, a man before a Senator. He would scorn to accept any privilege or any sympathy on the ground of his race or his rank. He would claim everything for himself as for others, on the ground of his *humanity*. And surely he is right. It is no worse to desecrate a Senate Chamber than it is to desecrate a home. It is no worse to heap blows upon a defenceless gentleman than it is to whip an unprotected slave. It is no worse to strike freedom to the ground in the Capitol than it is to do the same thing in the overseer's shed. It is no worse to hunt the freemen out of Kansas than it is to hunt fugitives in a swamp, or in a Northern city. The deeds are the same exactly. He that can do one can do the other. Let not our indignation and grief, therefore, expend themselves upon this especial instance; let us not bewail the tragedies in Kansas, or the assault at Washington as peculiar and exceptional events; let us go behind them; let us look at them as the invariable and inevitable consequents and accompaniments of the institution of slavery, as organic results of the doctrine that man may hold property in man. In that doctrine, however thoughtlessly and mildly held, all meanness, all brutality, all iniquity, are comprised.

We have beheld—the good providence which brings evil to the light, which makes it a necessity for evil to declare itself openly, has put directly before us—this last unequivocal sign of the character and the intents of the Slave Power. No one can mistake it. It is plain as daylight can present it to every mind upon this continent. Are we to complain because the sign has been given to us? Are we to weep unavailing tears over this gloomy phenomenon? Rather, it seems to me, we should rejoice with a joy unspeakable. We should rejoice as the patient does when the disease which has been lurking about his system, corrupting the blood and paralyzing the nerves, comes to the surface in a great, distressful sore, and offers itself to the friendly edge of the surgeon's knife. For my part, I do sincerely thank God for what has transpired, dreadful as it is. And the sufferers, they too, will thank God for their atoning sufferings. The shades of those martyrs of the West will look down graciously, and smile to see what a fire has been kindled by their burning dwellings. The noble Senator will bear patiently his pain, and more pain yet would he bear, if by his stripes we might be healed: nay, he would gladly spill his dear life-blood, if the currents in his manly veins might but be transfused into ours to impart unto us a new vigour of heart.

Should we not be grateful, my friends, for the unmasking of a subtle and malignant foe? Should we not be grateful that our eyes are forced open at length, and compelled to see what this thing, slavery, actually is? And now we *do* see. The descriptions of its worst enemies are justified by facts. The language of the first Abolitionists, those men whose name has for a generation been a synonym for fanaticism and extravagance, is proved to be literally, moderately true, within the limits of the most sober speech. We may fairly presume that members of Congress are favourable specimens of Southern men: but if this is the way they deal with gentlemen, who does not shudder to think of the way in which they may treat their slaves? Who does not shudder to think of such men, as intrusted with irresponsible power? That slavery rests upon brute force, and to brute force makes its daily and confident appeal; that its spirit is essentially domineering and murderous; that it has no respect for the decencies of civilized life; that it has no reverence for intellectual or moral greatness; that it is never conscious of an elevated sentiment, and never dreams of a Christian principle; that it has no sense of shame; that it exults in dishonour, and makes a boast of deceit, must be now apparent, for all these characteristics were displayed in the recent outrage at Washington.

We see now what deadly influence this institution exerts, how penetrating and pervasive it is. We see how it has corrupted the moral sense of our communities. Opinions at Washington are, I am told, about equally divided upon the recent occurrence there. Northern men and women hold their peace. Southern ladies are emulous of the privilege of possessing a fragment of the broken staff, as a holy relic. We find it no ghastly dream, but a more ghastly reality, that slavery has got possession of the Government in all its departments; that it has put its interpretation upon the Constitution of the country and upon the State laws. It is not a Southern institution any longer, limited, local, peculiar. It is an idea, a sentiment, a principle. Of course it cannot be kept within State lines. Its presence is in every cranny and corner of the land. It is everywhere. It is in Washington, seated in the President's chair, ruling in the council chamber, judging on the bench of the Supreme Court, moving to and fro armed among senators and representatives. It is in New York and Boston. It is in every merchant's countroom, and every lawyer's office, and every preacher's pulpit, and every scholar's library. It is in ecclesiastical conclaves and Presbyterian Synods. It is in the streets, it is at our hearth-stones and our tables. My friends, it is *here* at this moment. It stands behind me, looking over my page, and bidding me beware how I speak as the Christian cannot help speaking when his God is blasphemed and his Christ is trodden under foot. It is in your pews, warning you not to listen to seditious words, and begetting in your hearts a secret uneasiness under the treatment of this question. Nay, brethren, it has its witness and advocate in all our hearts, urging there the plea of safety, ease, prosperity, deprecating the excesses of moral enthusiasm, and the disturbance of animal content.

In a crisis like this, my friends, the question is not so much, "What is to be done?" as, "What is *not* to be done?" Every measure is timely. Every expression of feeling is in place. Every demonstration is fitting. Man's vehement protest, woman's earnest remonstrance, the fiery utterance of boys and girls, arguments, complaints, appeals, every form of speech, every modulation of sentiment, is needed. Nothing that is done heartily can be done amiss. Public meetings are good, and private conversations, addresses, resolutions, manifestoes, mass gatherings, pamphlets, sermons, all do their work. These things, however, being called forth by a special exigency, are apt to lose their interest with the hour, and serve too often merely to keep up an excitement which is transient and superficial. Again and again have such demonstrations been repeated. Again and again have they died away, leaving undisturbed the deeper purposes of the soul. We must not be satisfied with just discerning the sign. We must not trust to the emotions of the hour.

Again: political action is good. The ballot-box is a power. If these recent aggressions might beget unity of purpose in men of all parties, abolishing old distinctions, putting aside old questions of policy and rallying the vast majority of our Northern people to one mighty, concentrated effort to redeem Kansas, set a boundary forever to the territorial domain of slavery, and secure the preponderating strength of the Government to the cause of freedom, that would be much. And yet votes do not send their moral influence very far. If new free States are to be no more independent and brave than the old ones, little will be gained by a Republican election. It is possible for States to be free in name and yet virtually enslaved; free in laws and institutions, enslaved in prejudice. We must not forget that slavery is sustained by the low moral sentiment of the free States; that through the concessions of freedom it has attained its growth; that through the material and moral support of freemen it still exists. Our whole Northern land is deeply tainted by the contempt for the African, the contempt for man and woman, which alone renders slavery possible anywhere. Our whole Northern population is possessed by the passion for wealth to a degree that makes men indifferent to others' injustice, and insensible even to the wrongs of a foreign race. We cannot, therefore, be too sanguine of the results of any political efforts. Let us make them, but let us not rest in them. Institutions are nothing without men behind them: and without the powerful pressure of equitable and righteous souls, what are laws?

Oh! no, my friends, we must go deeper than this. We must go to the moral root of the matter. We must keep our mind fixed upon the original, radical cause of all our evils, which is slavery itself. We must study this, till we have mastered its principles, and fathomed its iniquity, and unravelled all its complicated and knotty injustice, and taken to pieces its monstrous anatomy, and traced to its issues every one of its forth-reaching fibres. Let us say no more about the beneficent institutions for the blacks, "Christianizing" of the negro, the necessary dependence of the weaker upon the stronger. Let us have no more "South-Side" Views. Let us not any more believe that the slaveholder is a saint by virtue of his office. Let us henceforth be assured that the slave is a man, seeing that his master does not hesitate to treat white men as if they were slaves. Let us hush forever now, our rebukes of Northern agitation, our angry tirades against the Abolitionists. Let us tear the veil at once from our faces. Let us brush away the delusions that have haunted our brains. Let us banish entirely the sophistries that have confused our reason, blinded our conscience, and hampered our will. Let us dream no longer of compromise; but let us convince ourselves at least, of this, that slavery cannot be trusted anywhere; that there is no room for it on this broad continent; that a single seed of it is fatal to all true prosperity. Let us wage against the institution, against the principles it embodies, against each and all of its influences, an open and unrelenting war. Not a warfare of violence. That, even in this last extremity, must be deplored. Warfare of that sort is unchristian, and, therefore, as I am persuaded, unwise. It may come: it may be inevitable. Nay, in the lowest view, it may be necessary, as being the only mode of resistance that we have retained; but good and right I believe it cannot be. If in past emergencies we had been true to our moral convictions, loyal to the bidding of our better reason, we should hear nothing now of armed men. If at this very moment we should summon all the powers of our educated will to the rescue of freedom, not a blow need be struck. Strong persuasions of truth, Christian greatness of mind, loftiness of purpose, and consecration of heart, these are the weapons we ought to use for the suppression of evil; these are the only weapons that can accomplish its final defeat. Without these, swords are worthless; with these swords are useless. But, if these weapons have been, one by one, thrown away; if they have been allowed to rust on the wall; if we have lost the power and the skill to wield them; if we have become so enervated by luxury that we cannot recall their use, surely we must not blame those who, in their moment of indignation, feeling the necessity of making resistance of some kind, and that straightway, determinedly snatch up such arms as are nearest at hand, and plunge into a conflict of blood.

But our salvation comes not by any such means. Nor does it come by the caucus or the ballot-box. It is gained only by the regeneration of our own hearts, the renewal of our faith in God's righteous laws, in a fresh determination to abhor that which is evil, to cleave to that which is good, a thorough revolution in our moral convictions, a total conversion to the sacred truth of the Gospel—the truths that God is our Father, and man our brother. Nothing short of this will put us in the just position toward this great iniquity. Oh! where is now the Church? Where are the representatives of Him whose very look, we are told, struck a band of ruffians to the earth? Where are the 30,000 preachers of the gospel of brotherly love, sent forth by the Master to heal the broken-hearted, and preach deliverance to the captives? Where is that promised gift of the Holy Spirit which was to give men power over scorpions, and enable them to cast out devils? Alas! the Church has committed suicide. It has lost its apostolical traditions. It has ceased to be Christian. It has deliberately and willfully turned against the Lord. Of this assertion I offer you a testimony and a symbol. Here is the testimony. Mr. Atchison, whose bad name has become familiar to you all, declares that the reason why slavery is not attacked in the South, is to be found in the fact that all the Southern Churches are "Evangelical." Here is the symbol. This day has been appointed for a great religious solemnity in our neighbouring city of Hoboken. The bones of St. Quietus, taken from the catacombs of Rome, together with the vase containing his martyr-blood, precious relics presented to the Catholic Church of that district, by the reigning Pope, are to be carried to their new resting-place, with all the pomp and circumstance which so great an occasion demands. Is not this what the whole Church is perpetually doing—gathering up the bones and singing the praises of the old martyrs, when the cries of to-day's martyrs are ringing in its ears? The true Church is not organized as yet. But times like these will organize it fast. The living Word will go forth, and summon the real disciples together. The sign of the Son of Man is already in the heavens. We may hear of wars, and rumours of wars. Let not your heart be troubled. He that endureth to the end shall be saved.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side:
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people! on whose party thou shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?
Though the cause of evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong.

Backwards look across the ages, and the beacon moments see
That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through oblivion's sea;
Not an ear in court or market for the low, foreboding cry
Of those crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose fest earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath passed by.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne:
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

MOSES BROWN, THE QUAKER.

ABOUT the time that MOSES BROWN (of Rhode Island) became a member of the Religious Society of Friends, he, under a sense of religious duty, liberated all his slaves. From this time he became a consistent and fervent advocate for the rights of suffering humanity, earnestly desiring to see slavery abolished, and the prejudices of caste done away. He acknowledged the black man as his brother, entitled to all the privileges of humanity, and an equal participator in its responsibilities. Many white men in that day, as in this, although afraid to deny that the negro race was of the same common parentage with the rest of mankind, yet thought them to have become so degraded, that no equality was to be allowed them in the common affairs of life. They deemed and treated them as unsuited to mix in social intercourse with the mass of their fellow-men; they carried their prejudices yet further, and were not willing to receive them as ministers of the Gospel, when qualified and prepared by the Lord Jesus Christ to preach in his name and power.

As an illustration of this kind of prejudice, the following anecdote is given. It was told by Micajah Collins, whilst in Philadelphia on a religious visit. Belonging to a meeting of the religious Society of Friends, in New England, was a coloured man, respectable as a citizen, and diligent in his religious duties. On this faithful disciple the Lord Jesus was pleased to confer a gift in the ministry of the Gospel, and he was frequently led to labour in the meeting he belonged to. This was more than some of the prejudiced ones could bear. They were perhaps unable rightly to judge under what authority the words were spoken—and it is possible they did not desire to examine that matter—but to have a black man appear as a religious teacher or instructor amongst them, qualified or not qualified, they were not willing to submit to. He might be one of those to whom the Master gave spiritual bread which he had blessed, to distribute, but then he was "guilty of a skin not coloured like their own," and therefore they concluded they would not receive his testimony. "You will not receive my testimony," said he to some who had called to inform him of their determination; "then I am authorized to tell you, that no testimony-bearer shall arise amongst you whilst the present heads of your meeting are living." This prophecy of the coloured man was strictly fulfilled. Sixty years rolled by, and all who had stood in opposition to him were removed by death, before a gift in the ministry was conferred on any one in that meeting. Micajah Collins, narrating the anecdote, said, "I was the first."

About forty years ago, James Alford, a coloured man, of clean life and blameless conversation, made application to a meeting not far distant from Philadelphia, to be received into membership. One of the members of that meeting, strongly influenced by the prejudice of colour, was very much opposed to such a request being granted. Whilst the case was undecided, he met James Alford, and commenced a conversation with him. He told James that the doctrines of the Society of Friends called for perfection; and then, with contempt and bitterness, added, "What dost thou know of perfection, James?" In the true spirit of Christian humility, James made, in his answer, a beautiful confession of the Quaker doctrine on that subject. "I cannot *say* much of perfection—but I think I have been convinced of *that* which, if faithfully followed, will lead to perfection."

James Alford was no ordinary man. It is true great genius was not his, but integrity and Christian philanthropy were distinguishing traits in his character. He was honest whilst a slave, he was faithful as a domestic, he was correct and praiseworthy as a man, he was humble and sincere-hearted as a Christian. After a life of many vicissitudes, the evening of his day was passed in outward comfort, enhanced by an unshaken confidence in the Lord his preserver. His sun set in brightness, and the evidence afforded his friends of his preparation for a happy eternity, mitigated in some degree the sorrow for his loss.

William Williams, in one of his late visits to this city, told the following significant dream. During his travels through Virginia on one occasion, whilst he was tarrying for the night at the house of a member of the Society of Friends, a conversation arose respecting admitting coloured persons into membership. William maintained that if the Great Head of the Church had brought them into the fellowship of the Spirit, and into true gospel union of faith and practice, man should receive them as brethren and sisters in religious communion. Such were his views, but he stood alone in the company; his very companion was so much under the evil influence of prejudice, that he took part in the discussion against him. It is likely that the companion felt, even during the discussion, some doubts of the position he had taken, and probably had some compunctious visitings of inward reproof afterwards. If so, it may in part account for a dream which he had during the night, which so forcibly arrested his mind, that awaking soon after it occurred, he could not forbear disturbing William to relate it to him. He thought that the room in which they were reposing was brought before him, and that he and William were lying there in bed. Everything seemed just as he had seen it in the evening, except that over their heads two holes appeared in the wall, through which the night air was rushing in, heavy and damp upon them. Whilst he lay looking thoughtfully at these holes, the door opened, and a coloured woman, of a very beautiful appearance, came into the apartment. She had a candle in one hand, and under the arm on that side she carried a bundle of dirty rags. In the other hand she held a clean white pillow. She approached the side of the bed on which William lay, and after looking on him with a kindly smile, she placed the white pillow in the hole behind him, so as effectually to screen him from the night air. When this was done, she walked round to the side of the bed on which the dreamer lay, and gazed for a while on him with displeasure and sternness; she then stopped the hole over his head with the dirty rags. This kind office performed, she slowly retired, giving alternate glances of approving kindness to William, and of displeasure to the companion. This dream had such an effect on the dreamer, that he assured William he should never again oppose coloured persons being received into membership among Friends.

In early life Moses Brown had been a member of a Freemason's lodge, but left it soon after he was brought under serious conviction, and felt bound to walk consistently with the Gospel of Christ Jesus. He was admitted a member on the 4th of the Tenth Month, 1758, was made Secretary to the lodge in the Twelfth Month following, and continued to fill that appointment until the year 1768, when he withdrew from all attendance at their meetings. In his 93d year he wrote, "If any have the curiosity to inquire why I left the lodge, I may state, that about that time, I became more engaged after improvement in the Christian religion, and its Divine precepts, than for the social company, precepts, or work of the lodge, as it used to be called; believing that the benevolence, the charity, the enjoyments, and usefulness which Christianity affords to its votaries, are much more precious, valuable, and worthy to be sought after and enjoyed, than all that attends the Masonic system." "About five years after I left the attendance of the lodge, I became a member of the Society of Friends, whose discipline was and is against the members of our religious Society joining in the meetings or public entertainments of those called Freemasons." "It has long been known that Friends have been opposed to all oaths, secret combinations, and public parades—well knowing that the vanity and exaltation of the human heart are to be subdued or checked."

The evil effect of joining Masonic lodges has been witnessed by many members of the Society of Friends. I could tell of one, hopeful in youth—a child of pious parents—at times appearing as a minister with acceptance whilst yet an apprentice, who joined a lodge, lost his religious sensibility, his moral integrity, and won for himself a reputation peculiarly unenviable. I once saw a young Friend come to a religious meeting in a country place, with a silken badge of Masonic membership ostentatiously displayed on the breast of his coat. It was the day after one of their celebrations, and perhaps the ribbon was worn as a bravado, to show the overseers and concerned Friends what he had dared to do, in opposition to advice and discipline. It was but a few months, if indeed one had passed, before the body of this young man was carried to the grave-yard near that meeting-house, attended by relatives and friends, weeping in shame and agony. He had taken his own life; he had gone, in the desperation of his wickedness, to receive the reward of his doings.

Moses Brown having cleared his own hands of the iniquity of holding his fellow-men in bondage, was prepared, as the Lord led him, to labour availingly to induce those who still held slaves to give them their freedom.

He was an active member of committees of the Yearly Meeting and Meeting for Sufferings of New-England, appointed at different times to petition those in authority in the States of Rhode Island and Massachusetts, to pass laws for the abolition of slavery in their respective territories. In the Twelfth Month, 1783, he, with five other Friends, presented an address to the Legislature of Rhode Island on this subject. The paper thus concludes:

"We are sensible the slavery of the negro is not an evil which has taken its rise in the present day; but the late public calamities and afflictions have tended to open the eyes of the people, and to convince them of the oppression which has been exercised. It may, therefore, remain a national evil, with accumulated guilt, if measures are not seasonably taken to provide for their redress.

"We, therefore, in behalf of those we represent, earnestly request that you will take their afflicting situation into serious and weighty consideration, and enact such law or laws in that respect as you, in your wisdom, shall judge most conducive to the entire abolition of slavery.

"As it has pleased the allwise Disposer of events again to favour this country with the restoration of peace, we esteem it our duty to embrace the present opportunity, and make this application to you in behalf of personal liberty, earnestly desiring that the gratitude [of our citizens] may be manifested by suituable acts of justice—that the general joy may not be longer interrupted by the sighs of those who yet labour under bondage—that the blessing of liberty, the gift of the Supreme Being to mankind by nature, may no longer be withheld from any of our fellowmen."

On the presentation of this memorial, a committee was appointed in the Legislature, who prepared a bill in accordance therewith. That bill, being reported to the House, was referred to the session to be held in the following Second Month for action. When it came up for discussion, the Friends who signed the memorial were present, and were allowed to offer vocally their reasons in favour of the passage of the bill produced. Although a majority of the members of the Legislature, and a great proportion of the citizens of Rhode Island, were opposed to slavery in any form, yet the commercial men being by self-interest set powerfully at work, exercised an influence adverse to the bill as originally framed. The bill as passed has a preamble, in which the right of all men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, is first set forth, followed by the declaration, that the holding men in slavery, which, by the permission of the law and unrestrained custom was prevalent, "is repugnant to this principle, and subversive of the happiness of mankind—the great end of all civil government."

It then provides, that no one born in that State, "on or after the 1st of March, A.D. 1784, shall be deemed or considered as servant for life, or slave." "And whereas humanity requires that children declared free, as aforesaid, remain with their mothers a convenient time from and after their birth; to enable, therefore, those who claim the services of such mothers to maintain and support such children in a becoming manner, it is further enacted, that such support and maintenance be at the expense of the respective towns where these reside and are settled Provided, however, that the respective town-councils may bind out such children as apprentices, or otherwise provide for their support and maintenance at any time after they arrive at the age of one year, and before they arrive at their respective ages of twenty-one and eighteen. And whereas it is the earnest desire of this Assembly that such children be educated in the principles of morality and religion, and instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, be it therefore enacted, by the authority aforesaid, that due and adequate satisfaction be made, as aforesaid, for such education and instruction."

After providing for an examination to compel the respective towns thus to pay for the education of these children, the bill to encourage owners to manumit their slaves, provides that all set at liberty under forty years of age, shall, if at the time of their emancipation sound in body, be supported by the public as other paupers when they require aid. This bill was passed "February 26th, 1784," by both houses of the Legislature. The same day they also resolved that the law of 1774, permitting slaves from Africa who had been offered for sale in the West Indies, and found no purchaser there, to be sold in the colony, be repealed. "And that, for the future, no negro or mulatto slave be brought into this State to be disposed of or sold, under any colour or pretext whatever, any law, custom, or usage to the contrary notwithstanding."

The part of the original bill which the "commercial influence" succeeded in getting erased, was one prohibiting any vessel clearing out of their ports to the coast of Africa for slaves. At that time Newport had the dishonourable distinction of being the place of fitting out most of the "American slavers."—*Life of Thomas Scattergood.*

KIDNAPPING OF COOLIES.

From The (London) Morning Advertiser.

SIR JOHN BOWRING has called public attention to a species of traffic in man, which he properly terms a traffic "scarcely less revolting and wicked than the old African slave trade," and which we hope will receive from our Government that measure of attention which its atrocity demands. We deem it necessary that the evils to which we allude should be placed under the notice of our readers, that it may elicit the expression of public indignation, such as it cannot fail to awaken in the mind of every honest Briton to whom they become known.

We refer to the transportation of Chinese Coolies from their own country to Cuba, where some of them are engaged in the culture of tobacco and sugar, as well as in what is termed domestic service. We have had frequent occasion to utter our protest against almost every kind of what is termed "immigration," as under this term is included several species of slave trading of the most iniquitous and murderous kinds.

According to the statement of Sir John Bowring, which we presume no one will have the courage to impugn, these Oriental slaves are decoyed on board the vessels in Amoy, or other Chinese ports, by the false representations made by the agents who are employed to buy them for the Cuban market. These men leave their native soil, "the flowery land," in the confidence that they are dealing with honourable people, and that they are going abroad to labour for a fixed number of years, and return enriched by their labours. They have not been long on board before they discover the vile imposition which has been practised upon them. Their voyage reaches more than half round the globe, and that voyage is one of the greatest privation and infliction. The food is proportioned, not to the wants of the captives, but to the most miserable estimate of the daily dole which is sufficient to support life, and to save the speculators from the sacrifice of the services which they are to receive. It is said that no occupant of a State prison subsists on such Lenten fare; that water is dealt out with the meanest parsimony; that the discipline is of the sternest kind; that the poor creatures are crammed to suffocation in the inadequate space assigned to them in the vessels; and, it would appear, that the horrors of the middle passage are re-enacted in our day with very little abatement of all the outrages which prevailed in the palmy days of the slave trade.

The disappointment and despair which these sufferers feel when they find that their voyage,